JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 28, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1802

XMAS GREETINGS TO OUR READERS

NOW FOR 1941! by A.G.G

AIR RAIDS! £2,600 MORE CLAIMS PAID

SO GOOD!

SO GOOD FOR YOU

– and actually down in price!

WHY FIVE STARS?

1 **EXTRA FOOD VALUE.** *Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember,* a cup of Bournville — the 5-Star Cocoa — is a cup of food.

2 **IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER.** *The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.*

3 **PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH.** *Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.*

4 **AID TO DIGESTION.** *Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods and so makes every meal go further.*

5 **VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH.** *Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the* natural *sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.*

IT'S amazing, but it's true, that one food is actually *down* in price! It's Cadbury's famous Bournville Cocoa—always a favourite standby in every kitchen cupboard, and now a big new help to proper feeding at an economical cost. Down in price to 5d per quarter-pound, and a natural food in itself. But suppose you make it with milk — a cup of Bournville Cocoa gives you the nourishment of two whole fresh eggs, and costs less than a quarter as much!

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR COCOA

QUALITY UNALTERED

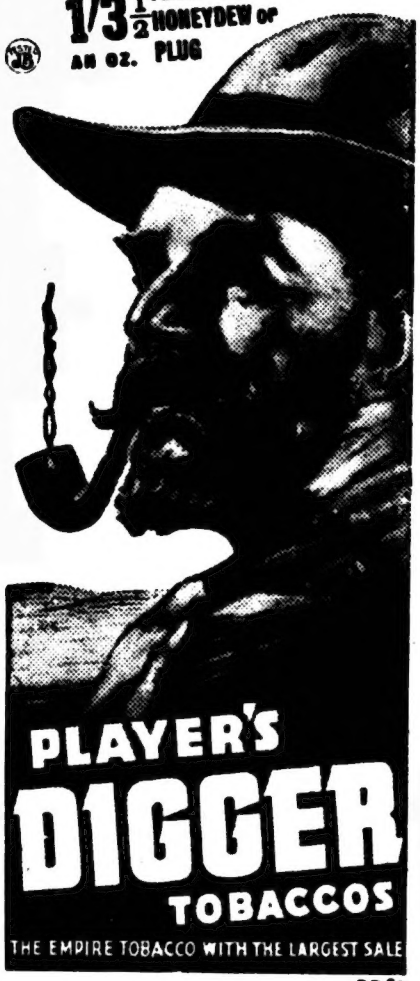
Down to 5d per qtr lb

COSTS LESS THAN PRE-WAR

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 1½D FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW OR PLUG AN OZ.



PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.83

YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO DIG FOR Victory V GUMS & LOZENGES

★ COMFORTING
★ PROTECTING

From sweetshops everywhere 10d. per qtr. Including Purchase Tax.

THEY KEEP YOU WARM

Following son's advice...

Father : I've been wanting to ask you something. As you know, with your Mother I've been buying Savings Certificates for years and now we've both got our full ration. We can still save — what do you advise ?

Son : Defence Bonds, dad. 3% sure and if you hold 'em for seven years a bonus of £1 on every £100.

Father : That's an idea — the cash will come in handy when I retire. How do I buy them ?

Son : Oh, just in the ordinary way — from the bank — or from your stockbroker.

Father : Yes my boy, but you know I haven't got a stockbroker.

Son : Get them from a Savings Bank then — just like National Savings Certificates.

Father : What I want to know is — do they keep their value ?

Son : Absolutely. If you put £100 in, you get £100 out and your bonus of £1 if you hold them for 7 years. Your interest is paid out to you every six months.

Father : Oh, they don't add it to the investment ?

Son : No, they pay it out, and they don't deduct income tax from it " at the source."

Father : That's a good point for small investors like me.

Son : It's a very good point. There's no doubt about it. Defence Bonds are one of the most attractive investments you can get today.

★ **Save regularly week by week.** *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds, or buy Savings Certificates ; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

★ *Any wringer*
★ *is better than*
★ *no wringer*
★ **but no wringer is better than an Acme**

★ **WRINGER, MANGLE, CLEANSER—all in one!**

★ The outstanding things about the Acme are its strength and the wonderful finish it gives to any article—whatever its size or nature. Pressed steel construction gives the strength; cantilever pressure the results. These are the two features that put Acme ahead of all others.

★

The Family Physician.

MY WAY OF DEALING WITH A COLD 'FLU OR CHILL

Experience of successive epidemics gives me and many other doctors the right to speak plainly of a simple, quick and safe treatment for 'flu and bad colds.

Next time you feel an attack coming on (possibly you have the symptoms now and that is why you are reading this) remember to take two tablets of Phensic. Go to bed on top of the Phensic and a hot drink.

Before morning you should have broken the back of this attack—and if it be mild you will most likely be able to do your work as usual.

If you are late taking Phensic and the symptoms have set in with real earnest—sneezing, running nose, high temperature, aching limbs, burning eyes, dizziness, general depression—you may have to stay in bed a little longer.

My patients who take Phensic know nothing of the evil after-effects of 'flu—they feel better almost immediately. The tonic action of Phensic is quite remarkable among pain-killers.

Well, there you are! The rest is in your own hands. You can get Phensic brand everywhere: 3½d., 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8. (*Including Purchase Tax.*)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 28, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

INTRIGUE

Hitler is making a Blitz switch in foreign policy.

Wishing to replace Mussolini in the Axis partnership, he is dangling new promises before Petain and Franco.

To the Spanish dictator he offers all French Morocco, most of Algeria, part of French Equatorial Africa, part of the Congo.

Franco is still anxious to keep Spain out of a war that he cannot afford.

Most he would do to placate his pro-Hitler supporters was to stage the new incidents at Tangier—just to see how Britain would take them. Results were not encouraging.

To Petain, Hitler offered easier peace terms. France would lose only Alsace-Lorraine if she agreed to full collaboration with Britain's enemy.

But Petain has not changed his mind since his public confession that he would not take up arms for fear of the R.A.F. bombing Paris.

Besides, he has been privately told of the Fuehrer's offer to Franco.

So Hitler will have to try again.

Straight from the Shoulder

DON'T LET THE LADS DOWN!

BRITAIN'S triumph in Egypt is an augury for the future.

No wishful thinking about that!

The valour of our Forces can be taken for granted. JOHN BULL can pay them no higher tribute.

What the sand-swept battles have proved is the excellence of the plan by which the Italian Army was rolled back, broken and cut up.

Forgotten Brilliance

Without such a plan, the determination of British troops would have been unavailing. Without excellent staff work, they might have advanced to disaster.

Hitherto, praise for good staff work has always been given to the German Army, not the British.

Actually, British staff plans for the B.E.F. advance into Belgium were brilliant.

This was obscured by the tremendous events that quickly followed.

Proved Their Worth

Now the world has proof of the quality of British generals.

At last it sees that they can plan a great military offensive down to the minutest detail; it learns that they can co-ordinate British fighting forces for an intricate operation.

Look forward, then, to the time when the same skill can be demonstrated against the German Army.

Beginning at Home

Before that can be done, there must be excellent staff work at home.

Britain must have clear-cut plans for mobilising our civil strength.

We must find shrewd generals to direct our industries.

We must co-ordinate our activities so that not an ounce of energy is lost, not a detail overlooked.

Is It Being Done?

A great new call-up is promised before the Spring. Yet arms production is not satisfactory.

We shall call up millions of men before women have been trained to take their place; before we have enough weapons for them to bear; before we have enough munitions for them to fire.

Losing Their Jobs

In a few days heavy new restrictions will be placed on the sale of goods.

More workers will lose their jobs.

But no arrangements have been made to convert them into war workers. They must first be thrown on the "dole"!

No co-ordination there.

Not a hint of that staff work without which Britain cannot effectively use her people's skill.

Food Left to Rot

British shipping is hard-pressed.

We cannot afford to let one ship remain in dock a day longer than is necessary.

Yet sometimes it takes a fortnight to unload a cargo of perishables. In that time some of the goods have rotted.

Dockers are not asked to work overtime, even though they want to do so.

What a Gang!

After the U-boat campaign, the biggest nuisance is air attack. Britain can counter its effects only by A.R.P. services. Yet they are hampered by lack of co-ordination.

Civil defence law is administered in London by ninety-five local authorities.

Wardens are ruled by the Home Office.
Rescue squads by district surveyors.
First-aid parties by the local council.
Ambulances by the L.C.C.
Hospitals by the Ministry of Health.

Made to Suffer

All the country knows by now how homeless and hungry victims of bombing have had their sufferings increased.

They tramp from office to office in search of assistance to which they are entitled.

When Mr. Morrison is on the spot his anger ends this wicked lack of official co-operation. But he cannot be in every bombed town.

And, more often than not, the system is to blame rather than the officials.

Evacuation Disgrace

Divided control causes similar disgraces in the evacuation scheme. It delays repair of bombed streets.

It saps energy and depresses morale.

It is apparent in every branch of the war endeavour.

Living costs are allowed to increase. But workers' demands for higher wages are refused.

No staff is entrusted with the task of relating costs to wages!

Fairy Lights, Please

No staff sees that Mr. Bevin's needs are met by industry!

He searches desperately for electricians. They are needed for urgent Service jobs.

Yet London Transport's electricians are mobilised to equip one hundred and fifty-six Tube stations with fairy lights—to tickle the eyes of shelterers!

What a sentimental waste of effort and material when the country is fighting for its life!

How disgraceful that, if the electricians are not needed to keep London's railways working, they are not passed over to Mr. Bevin for vital war work!

Wasted "Greens"

The public is urged to Dig for Victory.

Yet good cabbages grown on thousands of allotments have to be dug into the soil because no one thought of co-ordinating the supply with the demand.

And now it is found that fertilisers are not available for the allotments.

Rich Man's Acres

Small farmers are prosecuted for not putting an acre or two under the plough. No one coerces the rich man who keeps a deer park, as Lord Winterton has remarked.

Arms factories are short of mechanics. But the wealthy are allowed to keep their chauffeur-mechanics.

Class distinctions?

Not necessarily.

Major trouble is that the Government's intentions are not worked out by a co-ordinating staff with power to enforce them.

Home Front "Bosses"

That is why JOHN BULL has, ever since war began, appealed for a General Staff, Home Front.

There are signs now that the Government itself is uneasy, realising the need for dovetailing every branch of the nation's war effort.

We have shown that co-operation can win a victory on the battlefield.

Let us now harness these qualities in the workshops—and in Whitehall.

(Continued overleaf)

£2,600 MORE CLAIMS PAID

Under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance

A FREE POLICY—UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S—FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Neutral experts state that explosive force of British bombs is 35 per cent. more powerful than the German, British craftsmanship and material 60 per cent. better and the proportion of "duds" 95 per cent. less.**

● *Despite Hitler's boasts, skilled labour employed on war work in Britain and U.S.A. alone exceeds the totals in Axis and occupied countries. The Empire increases our war potential by another 25 per cent.*

● **Two powerful British "fifth columns" have been created by Hitler himself, one in Holland and Belgium, the other in Spain. Apart from information transmitted to Britain, these unpaid British well-wishers are checkmating Nazi through propaganda and political efforts.**

● *In Bulgaria, Goering's agents have had another setback. Contracts for grain and tobacco they had signed are held up until the seller can be paid in "free" money—currency negotiable on world exchanges. This Germany cannot do. Meanwhile, Bulgaria has welcomed British offers to take over all surplus stocks.*

● **Now known that, when selected neutral journalists in Germany are invited to compare R.A.F. claims with actual damage, they are not allowed to travel by train in case of awkward questions regarding delays or route diversion.**

● **Though Slovakia is apparently bound hand and foot to Germany, Hitler's diplomatic position in regard to Russia is so critical that he has not dared to prevent Moscow completing a contract in Bratislava for copper cables and other electrical metal goods that Germany herself needs urgently.**

● *Nazi-boosted trade agreement, claimed to have been completed with Iran, now turns out to be hardly worth the paper it was written on from the Iranian point of view. Prices quoted by Germans to undercut Britain can only be applied when goods are sent by sea. Rail transport across Europe and Turkey is inadequate and, even if the Turkish line was not closed to German traffic, costs would be prohibitive.*

● **Since Italian routs in Egypt and Albania, Japan is looking for a way out of her commitments under the Axis pact. First move may be definite reassurances to the Dutch East Indies.**

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

FORMER High Official of the German Government is now in London. He is organising anti-Nazi propaganda.

Germans in concentration camps, if considered suitable, are to be used in the same way.

At last an effort is to be made to organise a real foreign news service—to precede further military campaigns abroad.

No Anti-Waste War

No sign, yet, of an anti-waste campaign.

M.P.s are growing querulous.

They say that even the Select Committee on Public Expenditure does not deter the Whitehall squanderers.

Nothing serious has been done to reveal the big money made by firms of sub-contractors, whose directors are usually the same as those of the parent firm that obtains Government contracts.

(See "Wage War on Waste"—Page 8)

Experts' Challenge

Suspicion is fanned by the Cabinet's reluctance to probe allegations made by two Army officers and a civil engineer.

These allegations of contracts manipulations should be investigated on oath; the three men either vindicated or prosecuted for slander.

Lawyer M.P.s who have studied the case intend to make this challenge when Parliament reassembles.

What Price Glory!

Who is responsible for continued neglect of A.F.S. men—the Home Office or local councils?

Told that they were having to work in wet and ragged uniforms, Mr. Herbert Morrison announced the issue of second suits for them.

These suits are now being issued to some squads—one suit to every fifteen men.

They cut cards to decide who shall get it.

Wasting Time, Too

Man called up six weeks ago was at once rejected by Army medical board. But he is still waiting for his discharge.

That is typical of the delay in releasing unfit men for return to their civil jobs.

When the authorities realise that Britain cannot afford to keep one man in idleness, we shall begin to see the end of the war.

Every Man To His Job

Every man must be allocated to the job he can do best. First things first!

Two months ago, Post Office applied for release of a soldier who was formerly an underground cable engineer.

Although bombed telephone cables are in urgent need of repair, he is still sweeping billets and cleaning baths.

"I shouldn't mind if I were using my technical skill," he says.

Nor would anyone else.

Boy Scouts' Work

Another ex-P.O. man, an auto-maintenance engineer, grumbles that since leaving Dunkirk he has done nothing that couldn't have been managed by a boy scout.

Next Spring, no doubt, he and thousands like him will be on really useful service.

But temporarily they should be loaned to bomb repair services, and thus make room for recruits.

Enforced Entertainment

Are E.N.S.A. concerts to be made part of Army discipline? We ask because one company commander has issued this threat:

"If rank and file of the company do not support entertainments provided for their benefit, but prefer to crawl into public-houses, etc.," he will have to put "the men on Saturday and Sunday working-parties."

We weren't aware that the British Army was composed of pub-crawlers.

And, in our innocence, we thought that troops could spend their leisure in their own way—even to the avoidance of "entertainment" that might possibly be far from entertaining.

Fable of the Traveller

Little more latitude seems necessary in the provision of cigarettes for troops.

Passenger waiting for a train at Cambridge went into the buffet and asked for twenty cigarettes.

"We can only serve Servicemen," said the waitress.

"I am an officer," said the traveller.

"Ah, but you're not in uniform," she retorted, "so we can't possibly serve you."

—And the General Moral

Failing to get cigarettes elsewhere in the station, the passenger paid an R.A.F. corporal to buy them for him.

"So that you won't get into trouble," he assured him, "you'd better satisfy yourself who I am."

He was a distinguished General.

But why should Generals or privates in "civvies"—or anybody else making long rail journeys—be unable to buy a packet of cigarettes?

Distribution Wrong

Always having championed the claims of Servicemen, we should not be misunderstood in raising another query:

Why are excess supplies of tobacco and other goods being sent to Service canteens? With the result that in many districts the general public goes short.

We'd rather this happened than deprive the troops of their needs.

Point is there is no reason for shortage anywhere. Trouble is wrong distribution.

Blackout Soldiers

Army blackout is being tightened.

Some camps are even making it darker than need be.

In one, each wash-house is used by 120 men, who have to shave in the dark because no blinds are provided.

Blinds are fitted in the living-huts, certainly.

But all lights are switched off as soon as the "Alert" sounds.

Worst Offenders

Worst offenders in the towns are probably the contractors building surface shelters.

Huge heaps of ballast littering the streets are marked at night by powerful red lamps, that give a residential area the appearance of a railway siding.

Wardens have to go round putting them out—with the approval of town surveyors!

Would You Believe It!

Town councils are responsible for some debris in bombed areas.

For a whole fortnight, nothing could be done to clear away damage that had caused a quarter-mile area to be flooded with sewer water.

Men made four futile attempts at extensive digging to find the proper pipes.

Town hall officials had mislaid the location plans.

It isn't unusual.

Red-Taped Tomfoolery

Furniture salvaged from a bombed building was moved into a few rooms that alone had escaped total destruction.

Guildhall official ordered its immediate removal.

"If you store it here," said he, "we shall have to levy rates on the whole building."

Even Cabinet Ministers have their hands tied by this red-taped tomfoolery, so dear to the unimaginative minds of local authorities.

That is why demand for local government reform is now coming not from ratepayers but from the Government itself.

Furniture Removal Racket

Ask for as many tenders as possible before you have your furniture moved.

Man wanting to remove from Brighton to Hertfordshire was asked £19, £17, £15, £12, £8 and £6 10s. by successive contractors!

People who compare prices are always the despair of profiteers.

Somebody's Blundered

After years of thrift, two old folk bought their own house. Bomb brought down the ceilings, smashed the doors and windows. The old couple, rightly, were moved into billets.

Revisiting their home after some weeks, they found rain pouring through the roof and the floorboards bulging with damp, plaster falling from the walls.

Asking at Lewisham Town Hall whether the roof could not be repaired to save further damage, the man was told that if this were done he would have to retake possession at once, even though the doors and windows were still broken.

Otherwise his billeting allowance could be stopped.

Somebody, we fancy, has made a mistake.

Bright Red Pigs

Strangest effects of bombing are tricks played by blast.

Sir Thomas Jones, Welsh food controller, reports a case of butter being turned green by bomb-blast.

Paintwork on houses has also changed colour.

Rescue squads have dug out several people whose skin had become black, purple or blue.

On a Sussex farm, five white pigs turned a bright red, though it has yet to be seen whether their pork will resemble beef.

And the Cause Is—

Chemists explain that these freaks are due to the intense vibrations caused by bomb explosions.

Such vibrations actually change the composition of certain substances, with consequent changes in colour.

With persons, change is due to the skin being pitted by fine dust.

Actual pigmentation of the skin is not really affected, and the effects should slowly disappear.

BE OF GOOD CHEER!

Without Fear or Favour • by THE EDITOR

SECOND Christmas of the war, and JOHN BULL gives its readers the time-honoured greeting: *"God rest you merry, Gentlemen! Let nothing you dismay!"*

There is no hesitation about this.

JOHN BULL knows that tens of thousands among us are in mourning. We know that there is a multitude of homeless and a legion of the dispossessed.

We realise that the country is going a trifle short of its accustomed Christmas fare, that we all feel poorer, and many of us *are* poorer, than we were this time last December.

We accept the likelihood of harder times, and sterner sacrifices in the coming year.

Yet we still believe that "Merrie England" is entitled to make merry at this season. Without reserve, we can *still* bid our readers to be of good cheer.

WE PIN OUR FAITH TO THE DAUNTLESS COURAGE AND QUENCHLESS OPTIMISM OF OUR OWN FOLK—THE ONLY RACE IN EUROPE THAT HAS RETAINED ITS SENSE OF PROPORTION WITHOUT LOSING ITS SENSE OF HUMOUR.

THERE IS NO MERRIMENT IN NAZI GERMANY AND NO BRAVE SMILE IN FASCIST ITALY. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE AXIS COUNTRIES BUT A DAWNING CONSCIOUSNESS THAT ALL THEIR "CONQUESTS" MAY BE NO MORE THAN THE PRELUDE TO DEFEAT.

Hitler shares this growing apprehension.

His celebrated smile is now no more than a mechanical movement of the lips.

His thunders of oratory are muted; he presses the pedal hard down on the "sob-stuff" pipe.

Never was this more obvious than in his recent speech to the arms workers of Berlin.

Where once he issued peremptory orders, he now has to plead. He warned his countrymen that a British victory would mean "the end of the German people."

He told his vast audience that Germany was well able to meet a British invasion; more than that, she was looking forward to it!

But last September the people of the Reich were expecting a *German* invasion of these islands. They were told that Great Britain was virtually beaten already. They never dreamed that we had it in our power to attack.

JOHN BULL tells you (not as a matter of opinion, but as a matter of observed fact) that the mass of the German people is celebrating this Christmas in a mood of bleak anxiety.

We tell you that in every country which Germany has overrun millions of our friends are raising their glasses to-day to the ruin of their conquerors and the triumph of our arms.

And we don't need to tell you—for you can all see it with your own eyes—that our own people and all the peoples of the British Commonwealth are united in the unalterable resolve to break the power of the dictators at all costs.

This we shall do. "God rest us merry," this we shall do.

Don't think "merry" seems a queer word to use in times like these.

The men of the bulldog breed can be merry in the face of death.

They baffled the Germans by their merriment in the last war.

Regiments came out of the line in those days decimated by enemy fire. A young pilot's life was not worth more than three weeks' purchase.

At home we came within measurable weeks of starvation.

Yet, in the darkest of those dark days, if anybody croaked the challenge, "Are we down-hearted?" the answer "No!" came back with a full-throated roar.

We don't know when we are beaten, because we never have yet been beaten.

Grim, but still smiling, the "old sweats" warned the "rookies" that "the first seven years were the worst."

And the Germans, who had staked their all upon an early victory, were broken more by that racial philosophy of endurance than by any feat of arms.

We could stand up to "Jerry" seven years this time if we had to, but we shan't have to.

On his deathbed Lord Lothian told the citizens of the United States that, given their help, "we can win—and win decisively—in 1942, if not before."

Never doubt that help will be forthcoming. The Americans may be hard-headed business men, but so much the better.

We are not appealing to their sentiment so much as their common-sense.

We are out to convince them that "backing Britain is a business proposition."

So, indeed, it is!

The British Commonwealth of Nations is the biggest and strongest and most solidly established "combine" in the world. Outside Germany and Italy, there is no country—least of all the United States—which can *afford* to see it crash.

On our survival and our victory depends the whole world's hope of "Merry Christmasses" and "Happy New Years" for at least a generation.

WE are spending a tremendous lot of money upon this war, but we are not "broke."

Good gracious, no!

The new War Damage Bill, which the Government hopes to pass into law early in the New Year, covers property valued at more than twelve thousand millions, not to mention immense business assets!

And JOHN BULL believes that our real wealth is so enormous that, after we have gained our "decisive victory" over the Germans, we shall still have enough left in the treasure-chest to pay for the fashioning of a brave new world.

It becomes more and more clearly evident that many of our present leaders, representing the vast majority of the public, will be satisfied with nothing less. They are not fighting to preserve the old order; they are resolved to establish a new one on surer foundations.

Of this we wrote last week.

WE REITERATED OUR BELIEF THAT THE DEFEAT OF "HITLERISM" WILL PROVE AN EMPTY TRIUMPH UNLESS WE USE OUR VICTORY TO ABOLISH UNEMPLOYMENT AND DESTROY THE CAUSE OF FUTURE WARS AT THEIR VERY ROOT.

God rest you merry, Gentlemen: this, too, we mean to accomplish.

Recently, too, there has been a definite turn of the tide in our favour.

Thanks largely to the Greeks, but thanks also to the patient preparation and magnificent vigour of our military, naval and Air Force leaders in the Near East, we have the Italians on the run and, in the words of the Premier, our anxieties for Egypt are at an end.

However long Italy may continue to fight, Mussolini is already discredited and the world has been convinced that the dictators are no less fallible than the democratic leaders whom they so despise.

The long succession of disasters has been broken and our hearts are uplifted and all the neutral world draws strength from the triumph of our arms.

BUT JOHN BULL warns you all that now is the time not to relax, but to redouble our efforts.

Germany is our enemy and Germany is far from beaten.

She is likely to make her final and most desperate onslaught upon us before next Spring has ended.

We must be prepared to meet that attack *now* in our factories and mines and shipyards.

The United States will certainly help us, but we must work as though we had not a friend in the world.

Germany is running her vast war machine on forced labour.

We shall have to run our own better and faster, with willing workers if possible, but with readiness to accept some measure of compulsion if that should prove advisable.

And we can be of good cheer in the reasonable hope that this will be the last Christmas of the war that *will* end wars.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A WORLD-FAMOUS painting called "Check!" shows two chess players. One of them is apparently completely beaten. You can tell by looking at him that he has resigned.

He hasn't a hope.

But there is a pleasant legend that says an expert chess player, after concentrating on the picture, shouted excitedly, "He's not beaten. I can see a way out."

He was right.

The artist knew more about painting than he did about chess. He had overlooked a move that would have transformed apparent defeat into complete victory.

Now there's a tonic in this story.

Think of it, next time you feel depressed, beaten, down and out.

Next time your problem, whatever it is, sneers at you and says, "Check," look it over again before you agree.

Do something else.

Get someone else to look it over for you.

Even if you yourself can't see the move that will get you out of the jam, it is odds on that a new mind given to the problem will see what you have overlooked.

One reason why perplexities often look blacker than they really are is because we think about them too long at a time.

We tire our brains out.

When we reach that stage, we begin to see things out of proportion.

It's sometimes not an easy thing to do, but it's quite essential to put our minds on to something else, if we can't see the solution to our worries fairly easily.

We should force ourselves to have a change of subject—even a change of worry.

When we return to our original problem, we shall be like the expert.

We shall, in nine cases out of ten, see a way out.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord STRABOLGI, Gloucester Road, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD STRABOLGI,—No need to worry about the report that the Prime Minister is giving his personal attention to the U-boat menace.

As you say, this is a full-time job. But Mr. Churchill knows it. Depend on him not to tackle more than he has time to deal with!

New head of our anti-submarine campaign is actually an admiral with wide experience in operations.

He's already at work trying out new, as well as old, methods.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—There's plenty of coal at the pitheads. The public wants it.
Only trouble is lack of transport.

I'm sorry that you haven't adopted the suggestion that all passenger trains except those required by war workers should be stopped on Sunday and coal trains run instead.

Was it too revolutionary for the sleepers in railway boardrooms?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER, War Office

DEAR SIR,—No end, apparently, to the appalling and callous muddle in Army pay. No evidence of any improvement since I began to attack this evil more than a year ago.

One elderly widow is waiting for a dependant's allowance. Her son, enlisted sixteen weeks ago, is still appealing to his officers.

She gets notices to attend for payment—the journey costs 9d. each time—only to find that "payment hasn't come through."

Unless something is done quickly, she will have to give up her house.

A soldier's wife had a baby last August. Yet she cannot obtain the allowance.

Those are but two of a host of instances.

I begin to think that trained mice might be more businesslike than some of your paymasters.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. MABANE, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—The A.F.S. is being burdened by a few commanders who would be more useful in the Army.

One insists that his men should stand up directly he enters the room—even if they are having a meal in the mess-room.

That is hardly the spirit you want to encourage in a civil defence service.

In another town, a deputy commandant has been appointed at a salary of £300 a year. He is a young man from the town clerk's department, without experience in fire-fighting.

Better that such posts should be filled by men who have earned promotion.

I know you'll agree.—JOHN BULL.

BENITO MUSSOLINI (On the Run)

IL DUCE,—I do not begrudge your title of "Leader." For you are leading as inglorious a retreat as history has ever witnessed.

British and Greek caution in announcing their gains cannot disguise the magnitude of your losses.

The ingenious wriggles in your own war communiqués cannot blind your people to Italy's peril.

And that fact threatens final ruin to your career of bluff and swagger.

You must stem the rot quickly or perish.

No dictator can survive a series of disasters.

Even if our advance comes to a halt, your position would not be improved.

Italy has no home supplies of coal, oil or copper. Iron production is less than half peace time needs.

Without these essential war materials you cannot carry on a long war.

The British blockade will see that you don't get them.

General Sir Archibald Wavell has shown the Italians how to fight.

So your first mistake—of thinking that the conflict would last only a few months—will prove your worst.

Your second mistake was to depend on your "square of fire" in the Western Mediterranean.

Two sides of it have been shattered by the Navy's victories off Taranto and Sardinia.

It has been cut in half by R.A.F. bombers from Crete and Alexandria.

Its base has been shattered by our triumphs in Egypt.

Third mistake was to imagine that gallant Greece would lay its head on your butcher's-block. Another was not to continue your desert campaign while British forces were weak.

The results are already plain.

Your propagandists show their alarm at public discontent. Reports accumulate that the morale of your workers is as depressed as the spirits of your troops.

Soon you will have a fresh reason for repeating your old cry, "Woe to the vanquished!"—JOHN BULL.

The BILLETING OFFICER, Sevenoaks

SIR,—For fifteen months, two London children have been billeted with a Sevenoaks couple who have cared for them well.

Now the foster-parents have to move to another part of the county and want to take the children with them.

But you cannot arrange the transfer, even though you admit that if the children remain in Sevenoaks no billets will be available for them!

Do you wonder why the red-taped evacuation scheme excites angry criticism?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS, Thin-skinned Liemonger

DOKTOR,—I sympathise.

It must be infuriating to be told by your friend in Rome, General Carlo Romano, that any invasion of Britain is foredoomed to failure unless the German Navy and the *Luftwaffe* can wipe out both the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.

After all, Germany has done her best to do so. With what results, you and General Romano know only too well.

But if Nazi anger at his pessimistic truth encourages an effort to disprove it, I can assure you that we are still ready with a warm welcome for would-be invaders.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Your revenue officials are our craziest wishful-thinkers.

They demand immediate payment of tax on the profits which, they estimate, will be made by firms working for the Government.

These firms have not received payment for the work in question.

So how on earth can you expect them to pay tax on the money you owe them?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. R. M BOTHAM, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on starting to plan education after the war. No doubt you realise the importance of giving better opportunities to all who deserve them, irrespective of their parents' means.

So-called "public schools," in particular, cannot be allowed to retain privileges based on mere wealth.

Although their headmasters are opposed to enquiry by a Royal Commission, such investigation must be a preliminary to post-war planning.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Coll MACDOUGALL, Park Lane, London

DEAR SIR,—I dare say your breath was taken away by the fine of £20,000 imposed on you.

So was mine.

Yet I cannot regard it as an excessive penalty for forgetting to tell the Treasury of £29,000 you had invested in the United States.

Forgetfulness would not excuse a man who failed to answer the Army's call-up.

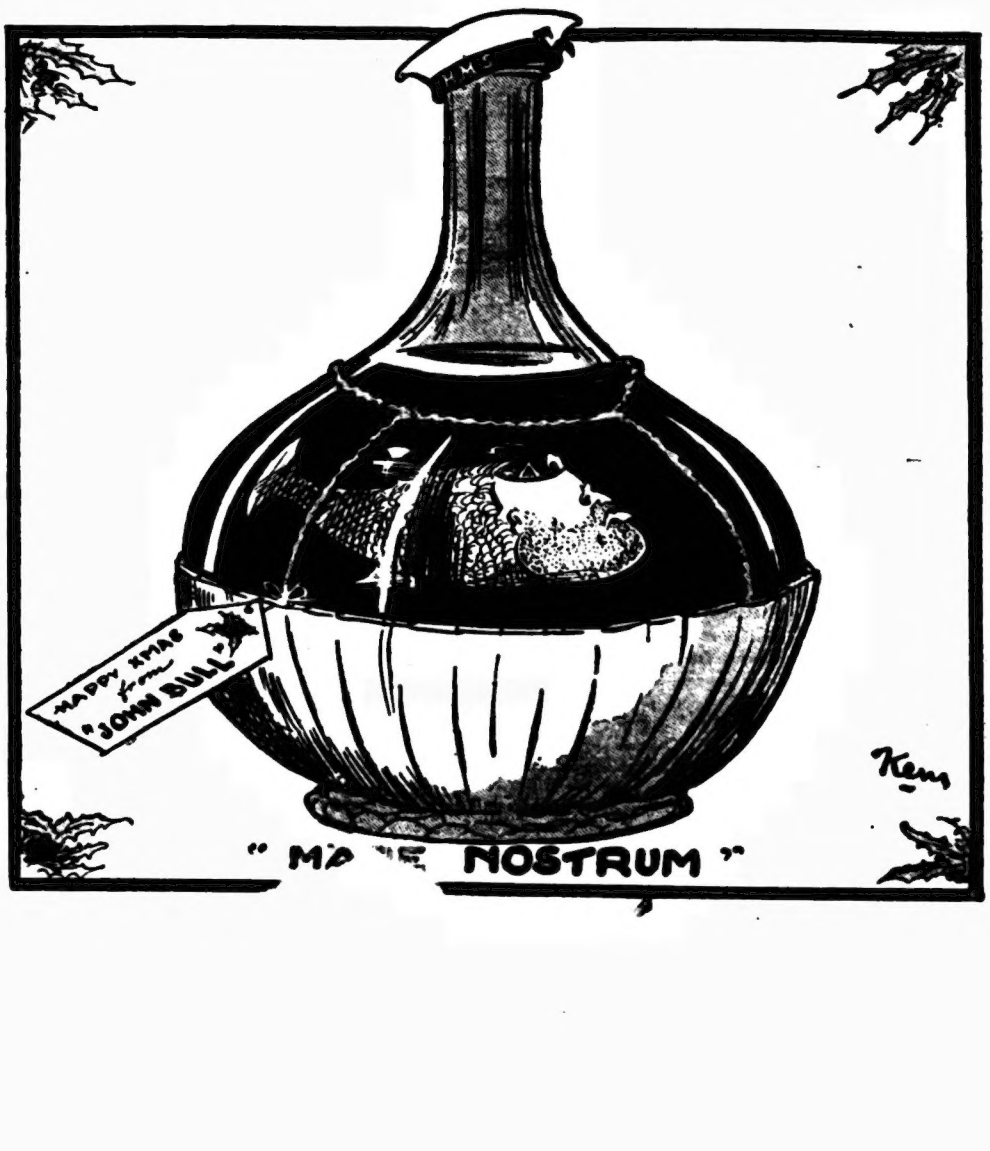
And it is only fair that, when other people are having to give their blood, the very wealthy should contribute their money to our war effort.—JOHN BULL.

Lord DARLINGTON, Church Estate Commissioner

MY LORD,—It is a little puzzling that bombed churches are to be rebuilt at public expense.

Strange that followers of other denominations should thus have to pay for beliefs they do not share.

Strange, too, that the Church should not be expected to sell some of its vast estates to help itself.—JOHN BULL.



I Dive-Bomb Two U-Boats

● *CONTINUING his thrilling stories of the heroes of the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command, Capt. Frank H. Shaw, who has talked to a score or more of young pilots, describes yet another deed of daring accomplished by these free-lance aces.*

"TAKE it easy for a spell," said the squadron leader, when I'd given him my report. "You've earned a rest." And I agreed. We'd all earned a rest, me and the rest of the crew.

We'd only just landed from a roving commission job that had been stamped indelibly on our memories.

Worst of all, our navigator "Y," who was piloting the other craft in our formation for a change, had been shot down in flames.

A shell from the "flak" ship must have hit his bombs. I think that is what happened.

Those who saw it happen said that "Y's" machine suddenly became an eye-searing flash. That was all.

A chariot of fire, and "Y" had gone.

A good scout. I knew we'd miss him more than a lot, and all I could do about it was to blow that "flak" ship out of the water. And after dropping a bomb dead on, I went on to complete my revenge by sinking a fat transport.

And even though there wasn't another bomb aboard, I chased a destroyer with my guns until his bridge looked like a devastated area.

I tried to run him ashore, but he merely spun round in circles, a chip on the whirlpool of confusion.

My Bristol Beaufort was in first-class shape when we landed, and I left the ground staff to do the usual servicing while the rest of the crew took their ease in the mess.

I couldn't sleep for thinking of poor old "Y," and I was mooning about watching the lads play poker when an orderly told me that the commander was calling on the telephone.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said, "but there's a big job offering—feel up to it?"

"If it's Hun-strafing, yes," said I.

"A U-boat has been seen by a fighter, and a convoy is heading that way. A small convoy. The fighter-pilot says there may be two submarines."

"I'm on, sir," said I, and passed the word to my crew.

There wasn't a lot of delay. I'd come back from the roving commission fitted for torpedoes, but thinking that the next show would be invasion ports, I'd given orders to ship bomb racks.

Cold-Blooded Murder

From the reconnaissance report, the U-boat was just idling around, biding his time, knowing the convoy would have to pass at a certain distance from a known promontory.

There was a cold-bloodedness about it that sickened me.

I've seen U-boat work in plenty; it was murder, and I told the crew we'd have to get this chap, come hell or high water.

They agreed.

We took off.

Everything was going sweetly.

You'd never have thought the aircraft had recently finished a phenomenal flight.

Her engines hummed like silk.

The sea was a regular U-boat sea.

Whitecaps everywhere to hide periscopes.

It called for close searching to see any foreign object among the pobble, but we had some good eyes aboard.

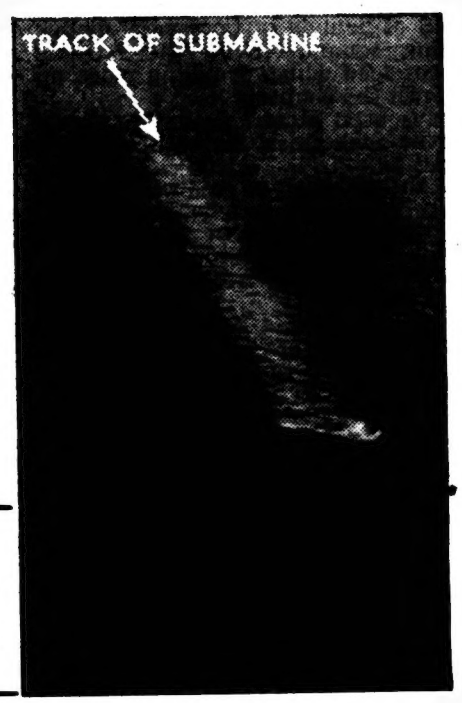
"B. C.'s" sight was phenomenally keen.

He was a Canadian, trained in the wide open spaces, and he'd been a flying fire patrol before the war roped him in.

We saw the convoy far away, throwing a smoke canopy that could have been distinguished for miles.

There were several ships in the convoy, and one patrol craft. A glorified trawler, she seemed hardly adequate to cope with anything big and powerful, but I was flying at a great height.

The convoy was quite a pretty sight, zigzagging with sweet precision. The escort was everywhere—now across their sterns, now across their bows, like a sheepdog marshalling his charges.



This photograph, taken from the air, shows the disturbance caused under the water when a submarine tries to crash-dive in an effort to escape a dive-bomber. For the keen-eyed bomber, it is as good a target as he could wish

"There!" said B. C.

The U-boat was actually surfaced. And he was as plain as a pikestaff to us. Of course, he hadn't heard us. If he had, he would have dived.

U-boats can dive in about twenty seconds. That's the reason why I always fly high when attacking them. Then I can swoop with a silent engine and take them by surprise.

Even if they do get under, they generally leave traces on the surface: flattened wavelets and a sleek appearance of the water, with eddying swirls.

You can estimate the course they're taking from these marks, and it's up to you to drop your eggs where they will catch him.

This fellow would lob his tin fish into those gallant merchantmen without warning.

He deserved no pity.

I told the crew we were about to attack, received their assurance that everything was ready.

"B. C." was flattened out at the bomb-sights, and he was as good a marksman as ever I saw.

Feeling Like a God

I cut out both engines and went into a steep dive.

It was glorious.

The feeling of unlimited power between your hands makes you feel like a god.

The Hun saw us, and he had the brazen effrontery to open fire with a high-angle gun mounted on his foredeck.

It was pretty accurate shooting, and some of the pom-pom stuff came unpleasantly close.

I had to do a bit of avoiding, because if I missed the 'bus, the convoy would suffer.

I wanted to be quite sure the "eggs" would crack him open, and a submarine isn't an outsize target when you're diving at speed.

I wanted to run the whole length of his deck, so that if I missed him for'ard I might get him aft.

Crossing him from beam to beam limits the chance, and U-boats now are built to take quite a lot of punishment.

A near-miss might leave this joker capable of doing his dirty work.

But that pom-pom was galling.

We were hit several times.

As I had to swerve in the first dive, the chance of a direct hit was lost.

"I'll Get the Bird"

I got height again, with both engines all out, and as he saw me tower he started to dive.

There wasn't a minute to waste.

I banked and turned and dived again.

"When you're ready," I told B. C.

"I'll get the bird," he replied cheerfully, and—he did.

The decks were submerged when the bomb hit just abaft the conning tower. It was a beauty.

The flash was most satisfactory, and up came a gorgeous waterspout.

B. C. thought we ought to give him another for luck. So I climbed for another run, and sailed along so closely that if my undercarriage had been down, I felt I must have grazed his periscope.

It was just as "B. C." released the second egg that I discovered that there were two Huns operating, not one!

As I was coming out of the dive, a stream of tracer-stuff started.

No. 2 had surfaced.

He must have been coming up when the first bomb struck, and he couldn't trim for diving quickly enough.

Having surfaced, he obviously intended to stand by his pal for all he was worth.

As I turned my tail towards No. 2, the rear gunner let a burst go that momentarily stopped the fire.

Just what No. 2 imagined, I can't say.

There weren't any survivors to tell.

Probably he thought I carried only two bombs.

No. 1 was spitchered all right; he came up, head first, like a blowing whale, then he spun on his own long axis, caverted a bit, and plunged stern-first down to the bottom, the waves smoothing over as he went.

Up came oil—all the oil in the world, I thought.

Then there were bits of debris—jumping up high as if they were champagne corks coming out, then falling back with sullen splashes.

But there wasn't time to appreciate the picture; No. 2 was too much of a nuisance.

I told "B. C." to be ready, and after a climb, made a full-powered dive.

Even then No. 2 didn't submerge. For all I know, something had gone wrong with his works.

Two for a Kill

"B. C." let go an "egg" at the critical moment, but it missed. It burst close alongside, but it wasn't a direct hit.

It almost blew the Hun into the sky, but he settled back, and the foam creamed all around him.

So I made another run, and this time the big bomb registered precisely on top of a hastily closed conning tower.

It almost blew us endwise.

No. 2 vanished in swirls, but I saw enough of his way of vanishing to be sure it was his last appearance on this stage. You can tell when a U-boat is diving or sinking.

This was sinking.

That seemed about to finish the programme.

I was contemplating steering for home when I got the idea that I might as well advise the convoy that the coast was now moderately clear.

As we got close, we signalled that two U-boats had been put down the sink, and that happy landings seemed to be in prospect.

Instead of acknowledging our assistance, the escort ship suddenly opened up the father and mother of a fire, and inside a twinkle every ship of the convoy joined in, their stern guns going like watchmen's rattles.

"E-boats!" said "B. C."

Sure enough, the convoy was being attacked by a swarm of these gnats of the sea—45-knot power boats with pom-poms and torpedoes.

They steered most erratic courses, and—I give them full marks—they were handled cleverly.

Unfortunately, we hadn't a bomb left to add our weight to the general hubbub.

I determined to do my best.

The front gunner got his sights on to the leading boat and gave two crisp bursts.

Spun in Circles

He was more used to shooting at attacking aircraft, but the "E"-boat swung round, and, instead of heading back, spun in circles.

Evidently we'd hit the helmsman or the captain.

One of his followers didn't alter helm in time, and crashed into the first.

They locked together, and men worked frantically to clear them. I sailed by and the rear gunner let them have it.

Just then a shell from either the escort or one of the convoy scored a direct hit.

There was a flash. Smoke and fire shot up, and a third "E"-boat simply came to pieces in the water.

That was enough to deter the fourth.

He gave full helm and skidded round, not troubling to fire his torpedoes. And away he went for Hitler's coast as though the devil were on his heels.

I exchanged compliments with the convoy and we flew home quite easily.

Although such a lot had happened, only an hour had elapsed—an expensive hour for Adolf.

General Sir Gordon Finlayson, G.O.C.-in-Chief, ordered a special waste march past . . .

WAGE WAR ON WASTE

MILLIONS of pounds of taxpayers' money is being squandered in the reckless waste of food which is taking place up and down the country.

There have been almost pathetic appeals by Government spokesmen for economy—but the waste goes on.

Here is a startling report on food wastage from the Manchester Central Markets Sub-committee.

During a period of thirteen weeks about 1,000,000 lb. of food was condemned as unfit.

Let us study the details of this appalling waste of food:—

Meat	408,892 lb.
Fish	58,000 lb.
Fruit	78,167 lb.
Vegetables	36,496 lb.
Game	325 head.
Poultry	2,567 head.
Rabbits	2,878 head.
Miscellaneous groceries	4,542 lb.
Eggs	26,680

The whole of these foodstuffs was surrendered by the trade after being condemned by inspectors!

It is useless for the Minister of Food to appeal to harassed housewives for economy when such appalling waste of vital food is going on unchecked.

The Manchester figures are not exceptional.

Not long ago Mr. R. C. Morrison, M.P., stated that in a period of two weeks the refuse collection department of a North London local authority had been offered the following quantities of food for destruction:

Three hundred tons of bananas; two tons of raisins; 400 tons of frozen potatoes. There were also strings of sausages 42 feet long, and hundredweights of uncooked meat!

And waste is not confined to civilians. Military authorities are the champion food wasters.

The swill-tubs from countless military camps carry evidence of shocking waste.

At St. Asaph, North Wales, the Rural District Council was recently concerned because local rat-catchers reported that rats in this area were thriving on food wasted by the Army.

"CRUEL SHAME"

Loaves of bread, bacon, cheese and butter were thrown idly on the military rubbish tip.

One man reported finding a piece of bacon in good condition weighing 11½ lb., many loaves, and dozens of pounds of butter and cheese.

"It is a cruel shame," said one indignant councillor. "People are clamouring for rationed food and the military are throwing it away."

Mr. Eden, Secretary for War, has stated that the waste of food in military camps has been reduced by the appointment of additional catering advisers.

This is, of course, typical Government strategy. When complaints are insistent and M.P.s critical, the appropriate officials always do something, even if it is done wrongly.

Competent messing officers, and efficient cooks with a little rudimentary training in dietary matters, would go a long way to remedy this scandal.

Listen to what one important Government servant has to say on the subject.

"There is *some* waste, but it is confined to a few units, and is steadily decreasing."

If that is so, surely the appointment of catering advisers mentioned by the Secretary for War adds waste of money to waste of food?

During the summer, when there was a glut of fresh vegetables, troops at many camps were fed on tinned—and much more costly—vegetables.

BREAD SCANDAL

At a Yorkshire town recently, troops who complained that they had been given stew for dinner on six successive days were served with tinned salmon for breakfast and also for dinner for two days.

This led to the waste of hundredweights of good food, which was left on plates.

At numerous military camps there are stories of wasted food, due either to bad cooking or the monotony of diet.

A few weeks ago at Cardiff, citizens were startled to see the banks of the river strewn with quartern loaves of bread. The loaves had been thrown into the river from a military depot.

It is now reported that severe disciplinary action has been taken against some members of the company.

That is as it should be.

Here is another snapshot of Army waste sent to me by an informant.

"Waste collected from a Canadian camp included 100 large loaves."

In addition to waste through carelessness or lack of proper administration, tons of plum duff, porridge, fish and meat are thrown away on rubbish heaps, because the food has been spoiled in cooking.

General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, G.O.C.-in-Chief, recently described how in one unit the swill-tub was so full of unused food that he had the whole unit of 2,000 marched past the tub to see what had been wasted.

A different type of waste has been caused by shortage of shipping, but it is nevertheless regrettable. I will give three instances.

Cocoa, as everyone knows, is a valuable protective food. Yet a short time ago the Ministry bought, with public money, 75,000 tons of African cocoa—and promptly burnt it!

Another cocoa crop is now on hand in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Half of this crop is to be bought and burnt at the expense of the British people who could have enjoyed it.

INCREDIBLE FACTS

It has taken the Ministry over twelve months of war to realise that shipping space could not be spared for importing bananas from Jamaica. So the Government is now preparing to destroy £1,000,000 worth of bananas in Jamaica, having paid for them with taxpayers' money.

During the past few months, thousands of tons of vegetables have been allowed to rot because the Government has failed to organise an efficient system of distribution.

In one week in August nearly half a million pounds of peas were thrown away because there was a glut.

Hundreds of acres of lettuces have been "ploughed in" during these last few weeks in Kent. When growers complain officialdom replies that they should have foreseen the difficulties of marketing their products.

At the present time potatoes are so plentiful that the Ministry of Food has ordered large quantities of them to be sold as cattle food!

There is a shortage of milk, coupled with an increase in price, yet in one week in a small Yorkshire area, 2,000 gallons of milk were returned to farmers as being "slightly deficient in solids."

Why was this wasted milk not turned into butter or cheese?

Drastic action is obviously needed. This orgy of waste must be stopped.

The people will carry the burden of war costs with a stout heart, but they have every reason for growing impatient over this wanton waste of both food and money.

Whitehall must cease talking about economy and practise it.

And a Job for Housewives

ANOTHER urgent side of the Great Food Scandal concerns the wolfish activities of Profiteers. And I now propose to issue a few brief warnings to show housewives what they will be up against all the time the Ministry of Food does not intensify its "Price Control" measures.

Canned Fruits

As much as 2s. is being charged for tinned pineapple. The proper price was 1s. 6d. Even then, well-to-do women are driving from one establishment to another picking up stocks at any price.

Canned apples were fetching 19s. a dozen last February; now wholesalers get 34s. for them. Pineapples were likewise 6s.; they are now 19s. 10d. Fruit salads, during the same period, have soared from 14s. 4d. to 27s. 6d., while grape fruit has gone from 6s. 9d. to 14s.

Greengrocer Victims

Small shopkeepers in the vegetable and fresh fruit trades are closing down in all parts of the country because they cannot meet expenses, on the small profit margins allowed nowadays, if they sell "straight."

While he plays the game with his poor clientele, the little man loses money by selling fruit at cost price, yet the fruiterer in fashionable areas makes as much as 100 per cent. profit because rich customers are willing to pay *anything* for what they want.

Removal Grafters

From all parts I receive protests about monstrous charges made by furniture removers who play on the distress of people leaving bombed districts.

One firm wanted **£14 EACH WAY** to move the contents of a small house from a London suburb to Hertford; another was willing to undertake the journey for £9. In another town a contractor asked £7 to take a family's smallish belongings a distance of barely five miles; another £6 10s. for the conveyance of furniture from a flat in one street to another only 200 yards away.

In the Ware district a man received four quotations for a removal from London—£20, £18, £11 and £7 respectively.

What *is* the Government going to do about this scandal?

Cheese Shortage

Now that there is (as was anticipated) a shortage in this popular food, another price racket has begun. Some shopkeepers with large stocks in their storage cupboards will only sell it at grossly inflated prices. Others confine themselves to "obliging" friends at profits which go up to 40 or 50 per cent.

Swindling Cafes

A weary, jaded A.R.P. worker entered a café in London's West End the other evening and asked for a pot of tea. The waitress at once told him that "we cannot serve pots of tea." When he asked why, she said that the water was cut off, but that she could manage a *cup*.

The A.R.P. worker accepted that, and, when he had consumed it, timidly asked for another. He was surprised to find that the waitress had no difficulty in bringing him two, three, and, had he wanted it, even four cups!

So, instead of a pot of tea which should have cost him 4d., he paid 9d.—a profit of an additional 5d. for the "no water" profiteers.

Profiteering in margarine in eating establishments is another quick way of making money. A penny a pat is the general charge, and as there are 76 pats to a lb., the average profit is 7s. 4d. on that quantity!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week the Guinea Award goes to Mr. J. E. Powell, Quay Street, Haverfordwest, Pem. He sent me information which may be of great use for future reference.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Receiving instructions by telephone from Hitler, Captain Langsdorf scuttles his well-whacked battleship, Graf Spee, off Montevideo.

You Get a Kick out of

LOOKING BACK A YEAR

LOOK back at This Week One Year Ago.

It was one of Britain's good weeks.

Its news and views gave you no glimmering of the hard truth that you stood on the threshold of a New Year that was to prove, first, the most disastrous, then the most glorious, in the Empire's history.

A brilliant naval victory rings merrily in your ears.

Captain Langsdorf, receiving instructions by telephone from Hitler, scuttles his well-whacked pocket battleship *Graf Spee* off Montevideo.

This ignominious defeat goads Hitler into fresh atrocities.

He unleashes a campaign of murder against our North Sea fishermen. Trawlers and coasters are bombed and machine-gunned by Heinkels and Dorniers.

Off our coasts he is sowing his much-boosted "secret weapon," the magnetic mine, but it is already being conquered.

The King decorates five young Naval men.

Armed with their courage and a spanner, they take to pieces the first mine washed ashore, so that our scientists can answer this horror.

A So-Called Truce

The German High Command announces a "truce" during Christmastide, yet on Christmas Day a U-boat torpedoes without warning the London steamer *Stanholme*, killing fourteen of the twenty-five on board.

At that moment Count von Schwerin, a fanatical hireling of the Fuhrer, blasphemes, "Hitler is what Christ was to the world of nearly 2,000 years ago . . . he proclaims peace on earth and good will for suffering humanity."

The Navy is unconvinced.

Its dauntless submarine crews brave the minefields of the Heligoland Bight. Famous *Ursula* destroys a German 6,000-ton cruiser of the Koehn class.

Fearless *Salmon* sinks a U-boat and cripples two cruisers.

British troops, in the Maginot Line, make night reconnaissance patrols.

It is officially announced: "The British have their wounded, and even their dead, on French soil again."

At a south-east port the first sick and injured arrive and, before the hospital trains leave, are given tea, biscuits and cigarettes at the Travelling Café of London's "Silver Lady."

Mothers of France despatch 3,000 gifts to the children of British sailors killed in the Allied cause.

Empire's Sons Arrive

Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, broadcasts the surprise announcement that the First Division of the Canadian Army is on English soil.

The first contingent of Australia's Air Force arrives, to the favourite tune of "Roll Out the Barrel."

The agreement for the greatest-ever Air Training Scheme is signed in Ottawa, making Canada the Empire's first Air School.

R.A.F. bombers attack Germany's heavily fortified island of Heligoland, shooting down twelve out of every twenty-four Messerschmitts.

Yet Hitler boasts that never again will a war be fought on German territory.

On the whole, you remember a Christmas week of good cheer!

The U-boat campaign has sent up the price of your turkeys to 2s. and 2s. 3d. lb., only 3d. more than pre-war, and still cheap compared with the 3s. to 3s. 9d. lb. top price mother paid during 1914-18.

The only real shortage is of mistletoe, making our festive kisses cost three or four times as much.

Special brands of margarine are back.

According to a Mass Observation test, you had your healthy little grouses in this order: Black-out, Food, Evacuation, Censorship, Amusements, Transport.

Petrol is up a half-penny a gallon to 1s. 10d., highest since February, 1924, but much less than the 4s. 7½d. peak of August, 1920.

Your daily newspaper consists of twelve pages.

The Great Freeze has begun, but as a weather secret is as yet unannounced.

Finns are capturing Russian tanks in 90 deg. of frost.

Count Ciano reiterates Italy's non-belligerent "neutrality."

A conscientious objector sausage-maker gives you a laugh when a member of the Tribunal, letting him off military service, ironically says, "Probably we shall win the war if we have more sausages!"

Major Attlee foreshadows coming events, "The Labour Party is distrustful of the Government's future policy."

The Chamberlain Ministry is still in power.

The Norwegian fiasco lies four months ahead, Churchill's premiership and the Low Countries invasion five, Italy's "stab in the back" and France's collapse six, the high-crisis mark in the Battle of Britain eight, culminating in the great victory of the R.A.F. over the day-bomber, and with it the smashing of Hitler's September invasion hopes. . . .

And now. . . .

Britain still stands four-square.

No Germans are here, except as prisoners.

The R.A.F., infinitely stronger than a year ago, rules our skies and blasts holes in the Reich and Italy, helping Greece in Albania. Mussolini is groggy.

Hitler's night-bombers worry us—so ours worry him.

London, Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton are bashed, but nowhere near broken.

Severer food restrictions are coming, but, till now, how much have we really gone short of food compared with what Germans and Italians have suffered since the day war began?

Another article in Maurice Fagence's series "I Saw For Myself" will appear in next week's issue of "John Bull"

ARGUE IT OUT

BY PALLAS

The People's Fear

"I SHAN'T welcome in the New Year. Why should I? What is there to look forward to but sorrow, suffering, toil and uncertainty?"

The woman who spoke was middle-aged and of more than average intelligence.

She had been bombed out of her London home; her husband and son were both in the Army.

Well, I asked myself, what *can* we look forward to?.

There will be more bombings to endure; there may be—probably will be—less food to eat.

For millions of workers 1941 means unremitting toil as the wheels of the industrial machine turn ever more quickly.

For our soldiers, sailors, airmen, 1941 may prove the year of crisis in which the outcome of the struggle is decided.

* * *

The New Year stretches ahead into the infinite.

It will take us along a hard road—a road even harder, perhaps, than the one we travelled in the last months of 1940.

The road will be paved with the stones of sacrifice, of blood, of sweat, of tears.

And along it we must go with unfaltering step, carrying a burden which would break the spirit of weaker peoples.

There can be no turning back, for at the end of the bitter journey is the victory we seek not only for ourselves but for the slave nations of Nazidom.

Why, then, as the woman asked, should we welcome in such a year?

The answer to the question lies not so much in the future as in the immediate past and present.

* * *

There are a number of reasons why we should welcome 1941.

The first is that we are a nation united as no other nation in history has been united, in a resolve to see a tough job through.

A second reason is that we have faced up to horrible and destructive warfare and know that we can face more.

The year ahead will be a year of historic endeavour—a year which more than any this nation has yet survived, will prove the immortal greatness of the common man, the little man.

It will show in increasing measure the end of snobbery, selfishness and class distinction.

It will bring to us the full realisation that Britain has grown up; that insularity has been blown sky-high by bombs; and that upon us has fallen the colossal task of rescuing Europe and the world from vileness and slavery.

It will bring in unity and strength fresh determination to exact retribution for all we have suffered.

It will bring a spread of the "good neighbour" movement—that movement which has brought relief and practical sympathy to tired mothers, to evacuated kiddies, and to bombed-out families.

* * *

Britain in 1941 will be like the ship that found herself after enduring the storms and buffetings of a maiden voyage.

The ship of State will breast more proudly the waves of war, confident that the haven will be reached after a perilous voyage.

And in that haven is the material out of which it will be our job to fashion an enduring order based on the eternal rock of truth and freedom.

And so, if along the road are toil and tribulation, fears and sorrow, there are also the coming radiance of a better world and the strengthened hope of a victorious peace.

* * *

Welcome 1941.

Welcome it with prayer and calmness. Welcome it with the resolve to make it a year which will compel a wondering world to wonder still more.

Welcome it as a year which will enable every Briton to hold up his head with pride; and to know that at the end of it all he, moving about the free peoples of the world, will receive their thanks and admiration.

We have freedom, justice, faith, truth, still with us. We have the righteousness of our cause, the courage of our race, the memory of our endurance.

Let the birth of 1941 steel us to the testing time.

Let us think of ourselves as members of a mighty nation which has scaled heights of greatness we did not even vision a year ago.

Let us remember that the past and present which have made us great are only preludes to a greater future.

In after years we will look back and speak proudly of 1941, the year when Britain really found herself.

A. G. GARDINER reviews six months of British war miracles, and says:—

And Now for 1941

"A HAPPY New Year!" Never did that time honoured greeting fall on our ears with such solemn meaning as it will fall now. The year that is about to be ushered in is the year of decision.

Whether the war is over or not when the year reaches its close, 1941 will decide where victory will lie.

It will decide the fate, not of this country alone, nor of Europe alone, but of the whole world for generations to come.

It will decide whether brute force or law is to rule the earth, whether freedom or slavery is to be the lot of mankind, whether the mercy and justice of the Christian civilisation are to perish before the cruel and merciless gospel of barbarism, whether "Peace and Good Will" is to prevail among nations or whether the world is to be

. . . a wilderness indeed,
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants.

I do not doubt what the decision will be. I do not doubt it, because to do so would be to doubt that there is a piece of divinity in man that shapes his destiny.

It would be to doubt that there is a soul of goodness in human life or that there is any meaning in human life at all.

And I do not doubt what the decision will be for more material reasons. They are apparent in the blaze of events which lights up the exit of the old year.

In the presence of those events we shall do well to keep a tight rein on our emotions. There is a light in the sky, but we are not out of the wood and grave dangers lie ahead.

This is no moment to imitate the vain boastings of victory with which Goebbels and Gayda used to seek to curdle our blood. It is the moment to work hard, live hard, and strike hard.

It is the moment to throw everything we have into the pool, our money, our labour, our life, until we can cry, with Wolfe's soldiers on the Heights of Abraham. "They run! They run!"

Bearing this restraint in mind, it is nevertheless true that history can show few parallels to the sensational reversal of fortune with which we approach the New Year.

Six months ago Hitler's lightning war seemed on the point of conquering the world in one stupendous tornado. In a few weeks he had laid all Western Europe waste to the Atlantic.

He was master of the sea coast of the Continent from the Arctic Circle to the Bay of Biscay. He had blotted out the Maginot Line as if it were made of egg-shells. France had collapsed like a sand castle on the sea shore.

The wretched jackal Mussolini, scenting that the end was near, had joined in to complete the rout and to establish himself as dictator of the Mediterranean.

There is every reason for Winston Churchill's infectious smile . . . "in saving Britain we shall save the world—make 1941 'A Happy New Year' indeed for all mankind"

We stood alone in the world to face the tempest. Save from a friendly Turkey, there was not a country in Europe able or willing to give us help.

Far off America, submerged in a furious presidential election, had given us up for lost. It would take no part in the struggle and could give little immediate help even if it had been willing.

It knew that its own doom was sealed if we went under and began arming frenziedly against a peril that seemed only a matter of months or even weeks away.

STAGGERING under the terrific disaster in Belgium—only partly redeemed by the glorious feat of Dunkirk—we awaited the invasion that was to be the crown and culmination of Hitler's lightning war.

He had done everything else that he had set out to do. This only remained to be done. And this done, all would be over and the world would be at his feet.

It was the most pregnant moment in the secular history of this planet. If we perished, freedom and civilisation would perish over the whole earth.

BUT WE DID NOT PERISH. INSTEAD, MIRACLES BEGAN TO HAPPEN.

First in time and first in glory was the overwhelming victory in the Battle of Britain. It was the first great battle waged in the air alone between two first-class Powers, and the result was as momentous as that of any battle in history.

It staved off the invasion of Britain. It stopped the rot. It arrested the whole current of the war.

It revealed that Germany was beatable in the element on which she relied for her victory over us. It astonished the world and gave it a ray of hope. Perhaps . . . Perhaps.

WITH that immortal victory the tide began to turn. The people of this country rose as one man to the great argument. They saw their cities destroyed and their loved ones perish in Hitler's blast of indiscriminate murder from the air, and were only steeled in their resolution to die rather than yield.

Such heroism seized the imagination of the world. All was not lost while Britain stood, and Britain was going to stand.

America began to see that the best way of saving itself was to help to save us. It returned President Roosevelt to give us every aid "short of war."

Free France began to revive. Norway, Holland, Poland, and the rest began to hope. Spain decided that it was not wise to join the Axis. We ourselves began to recover from the defection of France.

Then came Mussolini's astonishing act of treachery and suicide. It was followed by the miracle of Greece, and the astounding events that have come in the wake of that miracle—the triumphs in Albania, the destruction of half of the Italian navy, the establishment of our unchallenged supremacy in the Mediterranean, all culminating in the ruin of Mussolini's Egyptian adventure.

This is the landscape we survey on the eve of a New Year, and I repeat that history has few parallels to so brilliant a recovery in so short a time.

It is too soon yet to measure all the repercussions of these happenings. It is clear that the Axis has sustained a shattering blow. Italy is practically out of a war—which her people never wished to be in.

Though the Germans she hates may occupy her and treat her as one of their vassal states, her subjection will make her an encumbrance more than ally.

It will add another to the host of outraged and embittered nations that envelop Hitler and will overwhelm his jerry-built empire.

And the mask is off the Axis and the "New Order." They are seen to be only a disguise for the German plot of world domination.

Against that plot all the world is being spiritually mobilised. Hitler stands alone in the midst of the wreckage he has made of Europe. But behind us are the sympathies of

the world and the resources of three continents.

Above all, behind us is the mightiest of our allies, the sea. We can face the New Year with confidence.

With confidence, but also with anxiety. The danger is still imminent. The might of Germany is still unbroken—Hitler is preparing for one desperate, overwhelming blow at this island.

It may come any day. It will certainly not be delayed beyond spring.

With terror from the air he hopes still to break the nerve of our people. With ruthless murder at sea he hopes to cut our life-line and reduce us to surrender.

In this double attack he will risk everything he has. For if he goes down he goes down for ever.

We must not under-rate the peril we are in. The weekly tale of sinkings is grim evidence of that peril. We must let out every stitch of canvas.

WE MUST WORK NIGHT AND DAY TO INCREASE OUR PRODUCTION OF SHIPS, GUNS, AEROPLANES, MUNITIONS OF ALL SORTS.

America must be urged to send us everything at her command, and to send it NOW. Above all, destroyers and more destroyers with which to meet the avalanche of submarines which will be launched at us at the peak hour.

With sufficient aeroplanes to scour the seas, and sufficient destroyers to hunt the rats to their doom, and with a people resolved to perish rather than see this tide of Satanism sweep the earth, we shall win as we won in September.

And in saving Britain we shall save the world, and make 1941 "A Happy New Year" indeed for all mankind.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

● Only fools—and astrologers—go in for prophecy. The war, indeed, has made "diplomatic correspondents" and "military experts" look like a lot of kids. What people forget is that, in war, even more than in the world of politics, something unexpected happens, and that this changes the whole course of events.

When you look back on history, though, you find that the fall of dictators has invariably been preceded by disillusion concerning their infallibility.

In Hitler's case, it was he who forced on his general staff, which despised the Italian soldiers, the Axis plan, and also insisted personally on the push towards the Balkans.

Now that Mussolini has crumpled, and the Balkan push has been halted, a split between Hitler and his generals should be only a matter of time.

Who could have foreseen, two months ago, that Fascism would, to-day, stand self-exposed?

In the last war, Germany asked for an armistice two months after Bulgaria had collapsed. But, mind you, by that time she had not only been half-starved, but beaten on the seas, on the land, and in the air.

Had we now the shipping to land a considerable army on their coast, the Italians would soon surrender. Then, with Italy out of the war, we should be ready, next spring, for a landing anywhere from the North of Denmark to the most westerly French port.

No man ever had so much coast to defend as Hitler has now.

There is no reason why, by next year, we should not be able to make an attack on the Germans—with an army helped forward by low-diving 'planes—similar to that with which he swept across the Low Countries.

But the truth is that everything depends on output. We cannot strike until we have the material.

And, this time, the war must end with a shattering military defeat for Germany. Only in that way can believers in Bossdom be disillusioned for ever.

WHAT IS THE BEST PROPAGANDA?

● "Northcliffe won the last war with propaganda," some people say.

He did nothing of the kind. What he did—and at Crewe House he worked with a staff of not much more than half a dozen—was to inform the German people that they were being beaten.

A victory is the only good propaganda. The rest—pamphlets, leaflets, broadcasts, speeches—is just the bunk.

I doubt if anybody reads the pamphlets. People are soon bored by the speeches.

It was the Germans who spread the idea that Northcliffe had beaten them. They wanted to excuse their defeat on the field.

Anyway, that should not prevent us from taking advantage to the fullest of our present good position, telling the Italians in every way that is possible the news that is now concealed from them by every artifice.

Instead of employing for propaganda all the dreary diplomats who lost us the peace, we should engage, as Northcliffe did, half a dozen experts on news.

To-day, most of those who could best inform the conquered countries and Italy as to what is really happening are either in internment camps or unused because they are "foreigners."

Yet they are the people who fought Hitler and Mussolini in the days when our diplomats were having tea with them, fawning upon their Might and trying to do a deal.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT SPAIN?

● It is just the same, so far as Franco is concerned, as it was when, breaking his oath as a soldier, he started the Civil War for his own aggrandisement. He wanted Tangier. He wanted Gibraltar.

On the other hand, the Republicans only wanted better social conditions, blundering as may have been their attempts to get them.

Well, Franco has got Tangier, for as long as we let him say so.

His only chance of getting Gibraltar would be if Hitler, to help Mussolini, sent an army down through Spain. But I am assured his generals are now so anti-German that, rather than allow this, they would depose Franco himself.

Spain, by itself, is helpless, bled white after a three-years war.

We allow her only a two-months food supply at a time. She wants money from us. She wants to trade with us.

Germany can give her neither money nor food. So, as far as we are concerned, there seems little need for worry.

SHOULD WE HATE THE GERMANS?

● If people hate Germans, they cannot help it. If their homes have been bombed and their relatives killed, it is natural enough.

But, on the other hand, the organised hatred of Germany is not only silly but criminal.

We are now engaged in dealing with a lot of gangsters. The police who chased Al Capone and Dillinger did not of necessity hate them.

They shot one, and they arrested the other.

The judge who tried Al Capone did so, no doubt, without any personal feelings. It was a matter of justice, not hatred, not vengeance.

If a gangster machine-gunned children, nobody machine-gunned his children or hated his great aunt.

That would not have solved anything.

It may have sounded nicely theatrical and provided thrilling headlines for an edition or two. But that is all.

Strangely enough, most of the people who now hate Germans as individuals and say they should all be exterminated are the people who, until a few months ago, were trying to make friends with them.

They were wrong then, and they are wrong now.

What you have to hate is, not individuals, but a system that is evil.

Hatred creates another war which can only be avoided by calm and placid settlement, on terms of equality and justice.

THE HEROES OF LIPARI

NORTH of Sicily there is a group of islands, dry, barren, volcano-shaken, almost dead—the Lipari Islands. They are Mussolini's Devil Isles.

There, behind barbed wires in wooden sheds, Italian anti-Fascists, Socialists and Liberals, heirs of a glorious Garibaldi tradition of freedom and justice, are starving, lingering helplessly in the burning sun.

The Western world has almost forgotten them; has forgotten that there was once an Italy of free men. Yet these are the men who tried to uphold it, to bar the way of the Italian sawdust Cæsar.

They were the first victims of Fascism in Europe.

Recent incidents have revived the memory of the methods by which Mussolini subjugated these men.

Again, we hear, he is sending out his gangs of Blackshirts, administering castor oil to oppositional elements, hunting down, locking up, kidnapping, killing enemies of a corrupt Fascist clique.

He may succeed temporarily, but there are sure to rise again such men as Zaniboni, now the most distinguished prisoner of the Lipari Islands.

* * *

Zaniboni, black-haired and black-moustached, was a Socialist M.P. before Mussolini abolished Parliament in Italy.

He recognised the Duce's evil designs and decided to kill the vain little *braggadocio*.

He rented a room in a house opposite the *Palazzo Chigi*, then Mussolini's headquarters.

To the window he attached a gun pointing to the palazzo.

A long string was tied to the trigger of the gun.

If this string were pulled from the street below, where crowds collected to see the Duce, the shot would go off just when Mussolini left the door of the palace.

Blackshirts, searching every inch of the vicinity, discovered the device, and saved the Duce from the first attempt on his life.

Zaniboni was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment on the Lipari Islands.

When the Italian Chamber, under the chairmanship of Mussolini, discussed the murder of Italian Socialist Mattiotti, members expressed their surprise that the culprits had not been caught, and a brave old man, Eugenio Chiesa, Italy's Air Minister of the World War, thundered a challenge into Mussolini's face:

"Members of the Government are silent," he shouted; "they are the accomplices of the murderers!"

* * *

Labriola's men, Italian anti-Fascists and Democrats, have never abandoned the nobler art of political opposition.

They still assail the most ridiculous of modern dictators with ridicule.

They make fun of the little plump man who tries to look martial by forcing his fat body into a corset.

They are still smuggling into Italy the Italian satirical weekly, *Becco Giallo* (Yellow Beak).

Mussolini fears the Italian opposition so much that periodically he orders their deaths, even though they live in exile.

His killers murdered the brothers Rosselli, editors of the anti-Fascist Italian newspaper *Giustiza e Liberta*, which was published in Paris.

Another famous anti-Fascist leader, Francesco Fausto Nitti, nephew of the one-time Italian Premier Nitti, was sent to Lipari Islands. But anti-Fascists rescued him.

To the gallant band of anti-Fascists there is no hesitation in adding Marshal Badoglio, and Italy's Crown Prince Umberto. They will put the finishing touches to Mussolini's career.

Mr Dibble Sells Out

Nice chap, Mr. Dibble. A fat, fussy cherub, his five hundred customers loved him.

By **HEDLEY BARKER**

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

THE sign said "A. W. Dibble, Grocer and Italian Warehouseman, Coffee Ground Fresh Daily."

The shop was spick-and-span, and workmanlike.

A place for everything, and everything neatly in its place.

Nice little chap, A. W. Dibble. His five hundred customers loved him. A fat, fussy cherub of a man, round-faced, snub-nosed, with a wide cheerful smile and trustful baby eyes.

Just now he was doing To-day's Prices. Chalk, a small blackboard, his pink tongue wandering around his tightened lips, a picture of absorbed effort, the bald head bent over the work.

He wrote a handsome copperplate and took pride in it. *Onions, keen value, 4d. Best Wiltshire Back, a bargain, 1s. 11d.* The little clock ticked on. *Now,* wrote A. W. Dibble, *is the time to secure these lines.*

Having completed the job, he took the board out, stood it against the front of the shop, and surveyed the High Street.

Nobody. Nobody. Shop after shop boarded up. Blinds drawn. Dirty windows. Beyond, at the end of the street, the blue flash of the sea, woolly clouds, a tiny sail or two bringing in the lobster-pots.

Grand!

Reminded him of something or other. This England, this green and pleasant land—was that how it went? He rubbed his hands. Early as yet. Presently someone would come along.

They did. Or, rather, she did.

A gaunt, pale woman with worried eyes. Mrs. Wicks. A pound of self-raising flour and two-penn'orth of carraway seeds.

"Certainly, Mrs. Wicks. Lovely morning. And lovely news. Twenty-six brought down yesterday, I see. Can I get you anything else? How about a bit of prime Wiltshire? Beautiful piece, this. I can recommend it."

Mrs. Wicks sighed.

"I wish I could, Mr. Dibble."

Mrs. Wicks ran a boarding-house. Not a booking. Hit by the war. Twenty empty bedrooms and a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of rates. Mr. Dibble gave her a swift glance.

"Then you shall, Mrs. Wicks."

"But the bill. I——"

"Pooh! What's a bill? You've had bills before. And paid 'em. We'll let it go till better times come, shall we? And they're coming, Mrs. Wicks. Not a doubt about that."

Mr. Dibble spun the bacon-slicer and hummed a tune.

The scales said a pound and a quarter. He booked a pound, included some sausages and breakfast-roll, wrapped the whole neatly in a parcel, and sent Mrs. Wicks away considerably cheered up.

And then he rang up sixpence on the till.

The song of the bell echoed through the shop, and died.

Not a sound.

Come to think of it, there hadn't been much sound for six months, during which ten thousand people had gone from the town and two hundred shops had closed.

Mr. Dibble sighed, then braced himself.

"A stout heart, Dibble," he muttered, "a stiff upper lip, that's the ticket. This war isn't going to last for ever. Retrenchment, that's what required."

He got out his ledger. The ledger said thirty-two and sevenpence-ha'penny credits. Debits, fifteen pounds and twopence. Something funny about that. Or was there?

Anyway, A. W. Dibble sat down and laughed. And then ate the losses to the extent of two apples.

He had just finished the second when the shop door opened and he came out of the cash-desk briskly.

"Yes, sir?"

Black overcoat, striped trousers, neatly rolled umbrella, a pair of sharp eyes behind rimless pince-nez. London, thought Mr. Dibble. And no customer, either.

HE was right on both counts. The stranger closed the door, looked down, up, around, appraising the stock in one swift estimate. Dibble's smile faded, and his baby eyes grew watchful.

"Good morning," said the stranger. "If you can call it a good morning. Pretty bad in these parts, I understand?"

"What's bad?" demanded Mr. Dibble.

"Life, business, everything."

"Oh, I don't know," mused Mr. Dibble. "Life's what you make it. There's a grand view at the end of this street. I pop out and take a look now and again. And as for business, sir, it's steadily improving."

The stranger raised his eyebrows. He looked politely unconvinced. Also a bit suspicious.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"The big idea? I don't quite follow," said Mr. Dibble, stiffly.

"You've been tipped off, haven't you? About Andrew Balls Limited."

"I don't know anything about Andrew Balls Limited. Except, of course, that they're chain store people."

"Well, I won't beat about the bush. I represent Andrew Balls."

"I see," nodded Mr. Dibble. "And you're out to buy businesses in key positions."

"Derelict businesses," amended the stranger.

Mr. Dibble flushed. "And what makes you think this business is derelict?"

"Ten thousand people have left this town. Two hundred shops have gone out of business. This is a depressed area. The people still remaining haven't got two ha'pennies for a penny.

"You yourself have been losing money for the past six months. This shop doesn't pay the rates. I doubt if it pays for light. So what?"

Mr. Dibble seemed a rather pathetic little fat man. Yet in the next moment he contrived to look like the British Lion with his tail up.

"You seem to be full of information," he said.

"It's my business to collect facts. I'll give you two hundred pounds. Not for the goodwill. There isn't any. Fixtures and fittings. Stock at valuation. Think it over. Good morning."

Two hundred pounds!

Mr. Dibble flapped vigorously, indignantly, about the shop with a duster. Why, he had paid six hundred for the business himself!

He felt suddenly cornered; thought all at once of the dreadful losses he had sustained during the past six months and was full of fright. Wouldn't it be best to cut them? To take——

No! Mr. Dibble hurled his duster into a corner.

"That shark?" he growled. "That vulture? Blowed if I do."

At one o'clock (half-day) Mr. Dibble closed up and went along to have one with Charlie Crump, his bosom pal.

Time was when this had been an occasion for double whiskies and big cigars from Mr. Dibble's box of specials. However, they felt none the worse for beer and gaspers.

They had a good old time together letting off steam.

Made a chap feel better to get things off his chest.

But not for long.

MR. DIBBLE'S bald head was bent over the work next morning when the striped trousers again came in.

A hundred and fifty was the offer today.

Take it or leave it.

Mr. Dibble sat still in the cash-desk. He hadn't expected this. It was a blow. Fifty pounds was a lot of money now that it had vanished.

"You must be daft," said striped trousers, "to think of carrying on here. That offer stands for a week. I'll call in next Thursday."

The door closed.

Mr. Dibble sat on, motionless, listening to the clock, to the mouse scratching away behind a distant skirting-board. He thought about the A. W. Dibble of another day, a smart young assistant, saving like old boots to better himself.

Of his pride when the signboard went up. Grocer and Italian Warehouseman. Of the long battle to make good. Ups and downs. Milestones.

His first box of specials. And now——

He blew his nose as the door opened once more, and arose.

Mrs. Wicks. Half-a-pound of rice. A nutmeg. Some salt, a small tin of pepper. Mr. Dibble brisked up. Bit more sun to-day, he observed. Put new life into a body.

"And our day will come, Mrs. Wicks, Sure as eggs."

"You think so, Mr. Dibble?"

"Certain of it. Absolutely certain."

Of when his own particular day would come, Mr. Dibble had no notion—then. He had still less when he looked at his passbook and saw that he was down to the last fifty pounds. And if you had suggested to him that next Thursday might be marked up in red letters he would have laughed at you.

STRIPED trousers, having his eye on another business in a neighbouring town, arrived early.

He was fairly staggered when he walked in.

A. W. Dibble was up to his eyes in it, serving as fast as he could go, with a shop full of customers, and a continual stream of reinforcements coming in.

Striped trousers sat down on a chair and watched. All day. At one o'clock Mr. Dibble dashed from behind his counter to hand the visitor a hasty snack, and dashed back again to weigh up some raisins.

Amazing? It didn't seem real.

"How do you account for it!" he asked Mr. Dibble, after a record day.

"Optimism," said A. W. Dibble. "People are coming back to the town. And they're spending. Got to live, after all. Must have groceries, mustn't they? And I'm the only grocer."

Charlie Crump gaped as he listened in the local that night.

"I told him," said Mr. Dibble, "that the price was seven hundred and fifty—take it or leave it. He took it. Open cheque, please, said I, if you don't mind. And I got it."

"But the customers, man!" said Charlie. "All that crowd. How——"

Mr. Dibble chuckled.

"I was down to my last fifty pounds," he confided, "and I risked a gamble. Spread it out among all my clients in two-shilling pieces and half-crowns. Got me, Charlie?"

"Well," said Charlie Crump, "I'm jiggered!"

"So am I," said Mr. Dibble. "Here. Have one of these."

And Mr. Dibble, with happiness in his baby eyes, hauled out two specials.

Face it With Courage

★ *HUMANIST tells us why we can face the New Year with every confidence, knowing full well now that "we can take it," and that in danger we are not so afraid as we thought we would be*

NO one wants to start the New Year with moans and lamentations. We have had a trying time in 1940, but we have survived the ordeal. We know now that we can take it.

We are not so afraid as we expected to be.

Indeed, we often surprise ourselves with the calm way we can face the greatest dangers. Our belief in ourselves was never greater.

We hold to the faith that is in us, and unconcernedly carry on.

Most of the letters reaching me deal with troubles of one sort or another, but I am saving those for another week. Here is a letter of a different kind.

"In reading your page a short time ago," says the writer, "I was struck with a letter from a woman of forty who was afraid of growing old. I can never understand this attitude.

"I am over fifty-five myself, and I can truthfully say that my happiest years have been since I turned the corner at forty.

The problems we have had to face seem to have had a mellowing influence on us both

"My husband and I have never had a lot of money.

"We have worked hard to rear a family and have had our share of troubles like everybody else.

"Some of them seemed more than we could bear at the time, but they did not get us down. They had a sort of mellowing influence on us both.

"But I have no fear of old age. Every period in life has its compensations. I should advise all women who are fearful about getting old to live each day as it comes, and when they lie down at night they can thank God for keeping them safe and well.

"After all, what is sleep but temporary death? And what is death but a long sleep? After the night there comes a new morning with its new life and fresh opportunities."

The writer realises the likeness of sleep and death.

Both are natural, and can be faced with tranquillity.

The happiest time in her life was in the years after forty. That ought to be a source of consolation to thousands of readers.

Ups and Downs

We may have moments of greater exhilaration in youth, but they were always mixed with brooding anxieties. A time of elation was generally followed by a spell of depression.

All my young readers know those "blue" moods only too well. Every trouble seems to have a dreadful finality —the end of everything.

But as we grow older we make the cheerful discovery that we survive our disasters. Like the lifeboat, we cannot be sunk by misfortunes.

This gives us a confidence which we did not possess in earlier years.

It brings a sense of equanimity.

Old age should have all the serenity of a summer evening after a day well spent.

Here is a letter about which readers may like to express an opinion:

"May an old man intrude on your domestic problems to ask a question?" It begins. **"Where are the dazzling feminine beauties of to-day?**

"Pretty girls are plentiful enough. Plain girls are rarely seen nowadays. But the ravishing beauties of the 'nineties—the Lily Langtrys and Marie Studholmes—seem to have vanished like Helen of Troy.

"Has the machine-age, with the suntan, cigarettes, slimming and cocktail atmosphere, moulded all our womenfolk into a pattern of pleasant neatness, passable prettiness, and standardised conduct which makes them as much alike as a flock of sheep?

"Why should women, sent here to beautify and decorate a drab world, make themselves as similar as peas in a pod? Can you tell me? I really want to know!"

If this old man falls into the hands of the feminists he will get an exciting half-hour!

Nothing makes them angrier than to be told that women's main function is to be pretty and decorative.

They want to be taken seriously as co-workers with men and not as lovely ornaments for the home.

If I wanted to answer the question frivolously I should say that all the most ravishing beauties have been enticed into film studios where they are converted into "types."

But there is something in what the man says.

There is a tendency to standardise everything, including good looks.

The cinema has a strong influence on fashions, not only in dress but also in hair styles, eyebrows, finger nails and all the other etceteras.

Cosmetics were once the privilege of the wealthy, but now that they can be bought in the chain stores every girl can use them.

In fact, the modern girl seems to regard the face that Nature gave her as the rough sketch on which she can create a work of art.

If her lips don't please her, she makes some new ones. As for the colour of her hair, it can become whatever she happens to fancy at the moment.

More Critical

There is one other point which should be made. A man who has gone past his prime is not so liable to be intoxicated with feminine beauty as a young man.

He can be more critical and dispassionate.

But a young man of twenty may see dazzling beauties where his grandfather sees only a number of passably pretty girls.

The reason is too obvious to need explaining.

And here is a letter from a man of fifty.

"When I was a lad," he says, "I remember a popular hymn that began:

"And are we yet alive
And see each other's face!"

"One does not hear it to-day, although in a time of war it would be far more appropriate than it was then.

"Preachers were always dinning into us that we might drop dead at any moment. They used to quote stories of men struck down by lightning or heart failure. It was good propaganda for evangelists.

"But sudden death is in our midst, and no one can be sure of living to see another day.

"There is an element of pleasant surprise to discover that we are all safe after another raid.

"It is then that the words of that old hymn recur to my mind, and I am left wondering about its disappearance."

The answer is that the hymn has not altogether disappeared, and I have no doubt some of my readers will write to tell me so.

But it is not so popular as it was years ago, partly because congregations have not the same dread of hell-fire and Judgment Day as their forefathers had and partly because preachers do not try to scare people into righteousness.

If a man lives a decent life only because he is terrified of consequences, his "goodness" is little more than self-interest.

It might almost be regarded as a form of fire insurance!

Any scamp may be good if it pays him.

The clergyman and minister of to-day want us to live good lives because we really want to do so—even if it does not "pay."

In the Middle East, where our religion began, the shepherd does not drive his flock: he leads it. Hence the significance of the words in the 23rd Psalm:—

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

With this confidence we can face the New Year.

HORIZONS

HORIZONS break the blackest landscapes, they lift the heart above Life's climb. Behold, the New Year's Great Horizon revealed by the Long Hand of Time. Gold, and glad, and lit with Courage, brightening all the World's dark skies. Wrong has heaped the earth with carnage but Good will reap all God's Replies.

LOOK up and see the New Horizon above the New Year bright and clear, Courage has swept its golden outline, Salvation hangs there like a tear. The Road is War, Mankind is marching, but Peace is stronger far than Death; Look up, Behold the Glorious Future, to stir your soul and catch your breath.

LOOK up and see the Year unfolding rich in promise, strong in will; there is no dale, no field, nor valley, no mountain top nor little hill; but radiates the Gold Horizon of Faith's Most Glorious Masterpiece. Keep ever faithful, ever hopeful, THIS NEW YEAR IS THE DOOR OF PEACE.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"I AM at my wits' ends to know how to carry on with food and coal so dear," writes Mrs. A. Buxton, of Nottingham, whose husband served with the Sherwood Foresters for four years in the last war.

For twenty years he has suffered from gastritis, and during the last six months he has been a nervous wreck.

They have a delicate son who needs extra care and nourishment during the winter, and the whole family needs boots and warm clothing.

These deserving people have been given an excellent reference, and JOHN BULL appeals to you to help them.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO SEND TO US ANONYMOUSLY.

Guineas for Readers

Humanist gratefully acknowledges the letter from "Merely Mary Ann," and will gladly carry out her wishes.

Every week Humanist tackles a post-bagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

Cheer up and Smile

Keep smiling, even if you're running risks. But don't run risks with that precious Odol Smile. Don't take chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which alone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste tonight. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Next time please send me Odol Solid Dentifrice. We're always on the move and it's easy to pack. — Extract from a Soldier's letter.

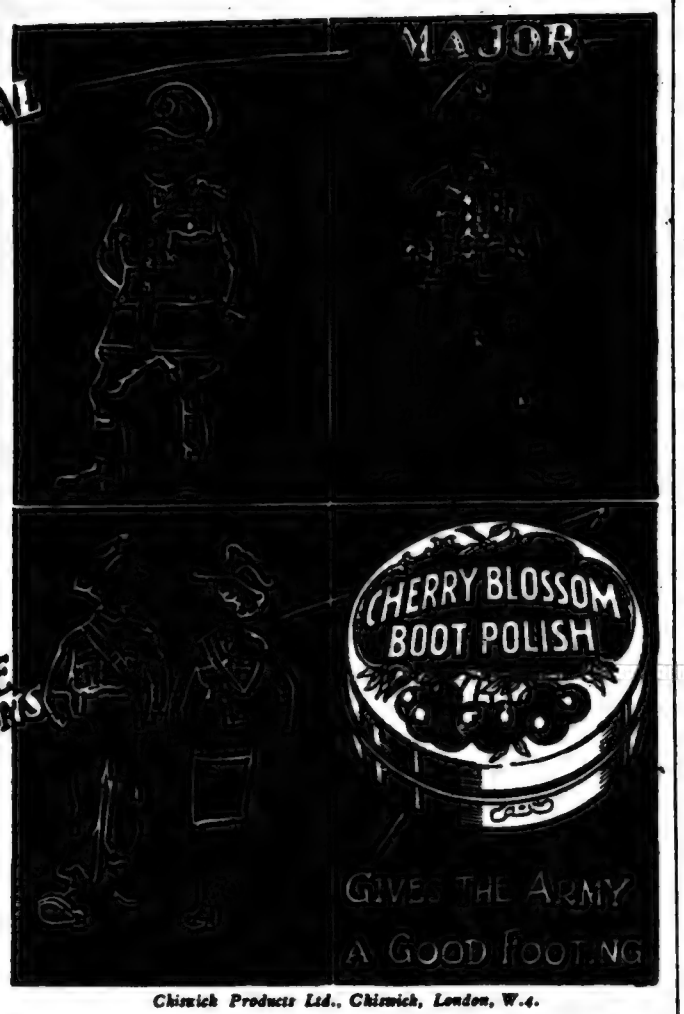
Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE AND SOLID DENTIFRICE

Smile!

For GENERAL *and* PRIVATE OCCASIONS



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Scores of letters received from former sufferers from Asthma, now tremendously benefited by Do-Do, lay stress on the fact that ONE Do-Do a day (or even less) keeps them free from Asthma attacks.

Here is a typical letter, from Mr. W.L., of Bungay, Suffolk, who writes on January 4th last:

"I have derived great relief from Asthma after taking your Do-Do Tablets. I started taking these Tablets about three years ago. I was so relieved that I was soon able to reduce the dose to one Tablet a day. I have still further reduced the dose to an occasional Tablet and still maintain my improved health. I can and do speak very highly of Do-Do."

It is the unique combination of soothing and healing medicaments—a combination found in no other single asthma remedy at any price—which makes it possible for a single Do-Do Tablet to give freedom from attacks for 24 hours, or even longer.

Get a shilling packet (7 full doses) from your Chemist today. Larger sizes for economy: 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). *Note: Prices plus Purchase Tax are* 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d. *and* 11s. 10d. *respectively.* Sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere.

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ASTHMA TABLETS

ONE IS A FULL DOSE

Handsome is as

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING
NO GUM . . . NO SOAP . . .
NO SPIRIT . . . NO STARCH . . .

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MADE IN GT. BRITAIN BY THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD. HACKNEY WICK LONDON, E.9

2½D STOPS COLDS AND CHILLS

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RELIEVES
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Here is the finest possible relief at a price within the reach of all. **Beechams Powders** are **QUICKER ACTING** and **MORE CERTAIN** in results because of their special powder form. Pleasant to take. Priceless in results. They also soothe shaky nerves, banish sleeplessness and act as a speedy tonic.

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2½d. each. (Including Purchase Tax). A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC

BEECHAMS POWDERS

Brand

Tales of the Turf

His Lordship Collects

by

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"His lordship gave Harry a black-eye, knocked out four of his teeth . . . then sent him sprawling in the gutter

CAPTAIN HARRY PERKINS did the Turf no good. He was a hanger-on, a tout, and any other thing so long as he could get on speaking terms with dough.

He never came the Captain stuff with me and the boys.

He was Harry the Tapper, always on the look-out for mugs and always posing as the close friend of owners and trainers.

Harry seemed to do well out of it. His suits came from Sackville Street, his made-to-order boots from a famous firm. He sported spats and a gold cigarette case.

That was not bad going for an East End guy who'd done time for picking pockets.

Tapping was not Harry's only activity.

He organised a club for sportsmen just off Piccadilly Circus. It had a ticker-tape, a card-room and a grill-room, and it was an ideal spot for Harry and his pals to pluck the rich young pigeons who came along.

But Harry wasn't satisfied.

He dreamed of the day when he would be working commissions for big owners, a position that would not only put him in the know, but would also enable him to skim the cream off the market.

Now, I was a respectable jockey with due reverence for my licence, and I gave Harry and men of his kidney a wide berth.

So when I saw Harry at Gatwick, wearing a tie-pin you could light a cigar at, and looking anxiously around, I told myself he was up to a bit of no good.

He kept making frantic signals to me, and, in desperation—for even to be seen talking to Harry was enough to blast a jockey's reputation—I went out of the weighing-room to steer him off.

Harry promptly grabbed my arm and steered me to the saddling ring.

"Listen," he said, "you're riding Felicity Girl, and something tells me it can beat Marigold, the favourite."

I was as angry as hell.

"Well, of all the damned nerve," I said, "getting me out to ask me that."

"Relax, chum," murmured Harry. "There's a fortune in this, and you wouldn't say "No" to a "monkey," would you?"

Well, a "monkey" is a "monkey," and somehow the thought of getting one on the side dulls even a jockey's sense of moral values.

So I looked at Harry and said: "I'm listening."

"Now," said Harry, "I hear Felicity Girl may beat the favourite. What about it?"

"First," I countered, "when do I get the dough?"

"Monday, sure."

"Right," I said. "Felicity's a flier, and I think she'll win."

Harry muttered his thanks and went off as though he had had an invitation to lunch with a racing peer.

It was evens Marigold and fives Felicity when the tapes went up. I went all out at the start. The race was only a five-furlong spin.

Felicity, a slashing big chestnut, went streaking ahead of the field, and half-way home I had a walk-over margin.

At least, I thought I had. There I was, sailing along, picturing the delights of the West End and wondering just how to blue in the "monkey," when I saw out of the corner of my eye something that made me go all goosey.

That something was a blurred vision of the crimson and green racing colours of Marigold's jockey, Joe Benson, and Joe, curse him, was gaining with every stride!

I crouched over Felicity's neck, prepared for the finish of my life. The thought of losing my "monkey" just made me desperate.

Neck and neck we flew along, locked together in a terrific fight for the lead.

Felicity didn't like the challenge.

She rolled and sprawled a bit, and two or three times gave Marigold a clout.

I headed off the favourite, and as we flew past the post Felicity Girl poked her neck out in front of Marigold.

As I trotted her back to the enclosure the frame announced me the winner by half a length.

But I was due for a cold bath.

Benson rode up alongside me.

His face was set, and there was a strange look in his eyes, but his tone was pleasant enough as he said:

"Sorry, Jimmy. I'll have to object to you for bumping and boring."

I caught up with him.

"Don't do it, Joe," I pleaded. "Keep your trap shut and there's a couple of hundred for you."

Joe shook his head.

"Nothing doing," he said.

The red flag was hoisted, and I was called before the stewards.

"I'm sorry," I told them. "My filly ran green. It was not intentional."

My pleas cut no ice.

I was dished, and the race was awarded to Marigold. The decision had cost me not only a thousand-pound race, but my "monkey" as well.

After I had dressed, I searched the stand in vain for Harry. But one of his pals said he had left for town directly the race was over.

"As happy as a dog with a bone, he was," the pal added. "I guess he must have cleaned up."

This was staggering news.

For Harry was the last man to take it on the chin with a smile.

A friend driving to town dropped me at The Tapper's rooms.

A manservant opened the door, and there was Harry, lying on a sofa, a large drink in his hand and a cigar with a lot of gold band between his lips.

The sight surprised me, for I had expected to find Harry looking like a crumpled and ruined man.

"Sit down, Jimmy, my boy," he greeted. "In a way, I regret this prosperity. A chappie is inclined to get slack and elevated with wealth. But there, there, you don't want to hear me talk. So you couldn't wait till Monday for your 'monkey,' eh?"

I don't know what I looked like, but I know how I was feeling.

"I'm sorry, damned sorry, Harry," I blurted out.

"Sorry! Sorry!" echoed Harry, jumping up in alarm. "Why?"

"Felicity was disqualified," I said.

"Disqualified!" yelled Harry. "You're raving. I saw her win. I saw the flag go up. She won by half a length, didn't she?"

"She did," I said. "But there was an objection against me for bumping and boring, and the stewards gave the race to Marigold."

Harry's face was one of those sights you only want to see once in a lifetime. He looked dazed, and he swayed like a punch-drunk boxer.

"My God," he wailed, "what am I going to do?" With a trembling hand he poured himself a stiff Scotch, and swallowed it neat.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Wait a minute," he said, grabbing the telephone. He got through to a number and asked for his lordship.

The conversation was short, sharp and to the point.

His lordship apparently did most of the talking.

"Three thousand by Tuesday," Harry repeated humbly. "Yes, sir, I should have a cheque by Tuesday!"

He dropped the receiver and turned to me.

"That's torn it," he muttered. "Instead of being on the road to fortune, I'm ruined, disgraced, finished. . . ."

I was in no mood for sympathy.

Somehow I felt I was involved in one of Harry's crooked deals.

"Cut the mystery," I suggested dryly, "and give me the low-down."

Harry told me all.

Apparently Lord Mendel, owner of Marigold, had dropped into Harry's club and asked him to put three thousand on the filly.

"I can't get down to Gatwick myself," he explained, "I've got business at Aldershot."

Harry accepted the commission, and then found he could not lay the bet.

None of the big bookmakers would accept his money.

They distrusted a man with his reputation.

"I was at my wits' end," added Harry. "I did not know what to do. Obviously I could not tell Mendel the truth.

"So I wrote saying that it would mean laying odds on, and Marigold did not strike me as such a good thing as that.

"I took the note round to his house and gave it to the butler myself. Then I left for Gatwick.

"When I arrived there, a pal dropped me the hint about your filly, told me she was sure to beat Marigold. So I checked up with you."

Harry had seen the first result, and waited for no more.

A fast car took him to London, where he scribbled a letter saying he could work the commision, but the price would be short.

Then he went again to the house and asked for his lordship. The peer was out. Harry said he would wait.

Once the butler had gone, Harry crept back to the hall, extracted his first letter from a pile on the table, and put the second one in its place.

Then he rang for the butler, saying he could wait no longer, and went back to his club. It never occurred to him to buy a paper.

Mendel did nothing till the following Tuesday, when his cheque for three thousand pounds should have arrived. It didn't come, and he rang up Harry and asked for his money.

Of course, Harry tried to put him off, but his lordship was wise to the way he had been twisted.

So one night there was a scene outside Harry's club. The noble lord, far from being the dude he looked, was as strong as an ox, and handy with his mitts.

He gave Harry a black eye, knocked out four of his teeth. Then with an expert hand gripping the back of his neck, and another closed upon the seat of his pants, he sent Harry rolling across the pavement in the direction of a wet and unsavoury gutter.

His lordship picked up his hat and stick and surveyed the mess grimly.

"Hardly three thousand pounds' worth of damage," he grinned, "but anyway it's the first instalment!"

Next week: *Horse Sense for O'Rourke.*

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
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EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
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"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.* *'Elasto' is Sold by Chemists Everywhere.*
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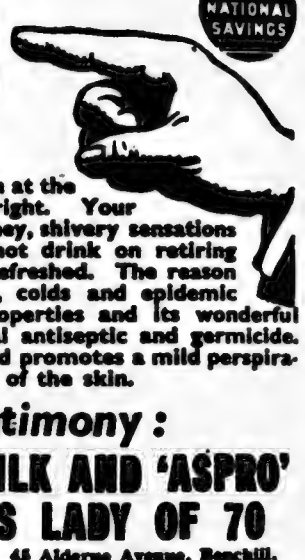
SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS for EVERYONE!

against Infection—Sore Throats Colds—'Flu—etc.

Maximum production for freedom's cause calls for a high standard of health, so it's incumbent on everyone to take precautions against infection this winter. The simplest measures are the real ones. The simple precaution of gargling with 'ASPRO' when exposed to infection will protect you against sore throats, colds, 'flu, etc. If you already have a sore throat the pain will be instantly soothed. Furthermore, thousands of tiny 'ASPRO' particles cling to the lining of the throat exerting a lasting antiseptic and healing effect and inhibiting infection. It helps if you sip a little of the mixture.

SO—IF INFECTIOUS COMPLAINTS ARE ABOUT

GARGLE with 'ASPRO'



If you are already affected two 'ASPRO' tablets, taken at the slightest sign of feverishness, will quickly put you right. Your temperature will be restored to normal and the achey, shivery sensations will vanish. Two more 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink on retiring will help you to sleep and you will awake fit and refreshed. The reason why 'ASPRO' is so successful in dealing with 'flu, colds and epidemic complaints, is on account of its fever-reducing properties and its wonderful power, after ingestion in the system, as an internal antiseptic and germicide. 'ASPRO' dispels the feverishness, destroys germs and promotes a mild perspiration which removes the poisons through the pores of the skin.

Read this Living Testimony:

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Dear Sirs, Southgate London, N.14.
I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPROS'.
Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

'ASPRO' IN FIRST-AID SHELTER

Dear Sir,—I intend to use 'ASPRO' in my First Aid Shelter. From personal experience I know they are excellent and, above all, they are British. M. B. V.

In Times of Stress 'ASPRO' Soothes Nerve Strain and brings Sweet Sleep!

HOT MILK AND 'ASPRO' HELPS LADY OF 70

45 Alderne Avenue, Benchill, Northenden, Manchester.
Dear Sirs,
I feel I must write and thank you for your wonderful tablets. About 9 years ago, while on holiday to gain strength after a long illness, I met a lady who told me of the great benefit she got from taking 'ASPRO' and so I took her advice and whenever I feel out-of-sorts or a chill coming on I take 2 in hot milk and am all right next day. The same with my family, they too swear by 'ASPROS' and now in their own homes they, like me, would not be without the wonderful tablets. I am now in my 70th year and feel much better in health than I had done in the previous years before taking the tablets.
Again I thank you and would advise all those who suffer in any way to try 'ASPROS'.
I am, Yours gratefully,
M. A. ATKINSON (Mrs.).

DOES NOT DREAD 'FLU & WINTER NOW

Dear Sirs, Clarkston, Renfrewshire.
I feel I must write and thank you for giving me a remedy for my cold. I am subject to colds and influenza and I always dread winter time, but since taking 'ASPRO' I am a new woman. Thanking you again,
I am, Yours truly, MISS R. D.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

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TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
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PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
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ASPRO All leading Chemists and Stores stock and display 'ASPRO'

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½D 7D 1'5 & 2'10

VOICE of the PEOPLE

ALTHOUGH I have been teaching arithmetic for more than twenty years, I cannot yet understand the railway companies' way of working out percentages. I will give a typical instance.

When the Minister of Transport awarded the first increase of 5 per cent. on fares, a 1s 3d. fare became 1s. 5d. Says the railway company: *Five per cent. of 1s. 3d.—2d.*"

The next increase of 10 per cent. raised that 1s. 5d. fare to 1s. 7d. In other words, 10 per cent. of 1s. 5d. has now become 2d.

The next increase—6⅔ per cent.—has raised the fare to 1s. 8d.

Permitted increases totalling 21⅔ per cent., that railway company has raised fares by 33⅓ per cent.—J. Ivor Jones, Ormerod, Cemlyn Park, Penmaenmawr, Caerns.

Some increases have been even stiffer. And JOHN BULL is puzzled by the arithmetical system employed.

EXCELLENT organisation on the part of the Ministry of Food ensured food supplies for all the people of Coventry who were the victims of bombing.

Rationing was waived.

Customers whose suppliers had been bombed out became guest-customers at other shops.

Wonderful—except that thousands of people poured into Coventry to buy up these unrationed stocks of butter and meat, while homeless and needy people went without their proper rations,despite all the official arrangements to protect them.—D. Mortimer, Dane Road, Coventry.

Ministry of Food is taking steps to make this impossible in future. People attempting such mean frauds at the expense of bombed-out people will risk heavy and condign punishmeat.

LOSING my job as a fitter through enemy action, I have found new employment, but cannot start until I have a green card from the Ministry of Labour.

They won't give me the green ticket unless I can produce my cards.

My old employer won't give me the cards, because he has hopes of restarting the factory, although there is no sign of this yet.

The country loses a fitter—and, remember, I am one of many, and I receive sixteen shillings a week unemployment benefit.—E. A. Jones, Glastonbury Road, Yardley Wood, Birmingham.

CANADA is so short of labour that working hours have had to be extended alarmingly to cope with the expansion of war industries.

Yet there are hundreds of thousands of unemployed people in this country who might well be sent there to relieve the pressure.

I know we might want them here later—probably will. But, like the airmen we are sending to the Dominion, we shall get them back *trained*.—B. G. Harrall, Newport Road, Stafford, Staffs.

Official answer is that these men will be absorbed into industry quicker than most people expect, that it will be better both for them and our war effort, in the end, to keep them here.

★ *If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.*

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MANY people pass town and village war memorials with scarcely a look at them these days.

They keep pipes and cigarettes going full blast.

We pledged ourselves to remember the million odd men who died in the last war "for ever more"—not till another war came along.—J. E. K., Hanley Road, Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

Police-constable on duty near Cenotaph says he has noticed no falling-off in respect. Some soldiers from overseas—possibly remembering lost or wounded fathers—seem deeply touched as they stand there.

GOVERNMENT should be the only buyer for binoculars in these days.

Yet when I went to an optician who displayed the Ministry of Supply's poster appealing for binoculars, and offered my own pair, the first question put to me was: "*Do you wish to sell these to the Government or to us?*"

People are tempted to sell to the shopkeeper and get ready cash. Intermediate profits are created, to add to the cost of the war.—C. East, Warneford Road, Oxford.

SURELY an officer, recently promoted from the ranks, should not have to wait till the end of the month before being credited with his pay?

Although I applied, on reporting for duty a fortnight ago, for an advance of pay, nothing has materialised.

Mess and other accounts have to be met. Every man who earns a commission hasn't a fat bank balance.—Second-Lieutenant, "Somewhere in England."

That *is* the assumption. We have pilloried instances of officers having to wait months for their pay.

HAPPY news, indeed, that Mr. Bevin is considering the advisability of ordering Thursday pay-days to ease week-end shopping.

He might also remember that hundreds of thousands of people are working on night shifts, and cannot get even a haircut unless certain traders are allowed to open on Sundays.

The Sunday Closing Act may be all right for peace time—but don't let it handicap us in the task of beating the biggest enemy of Sunday and the Church, Adolf Hitler.—E. R. Pigney, Hadley Gardens, Southall, Middlesex.

ONE of many wounded soldiers convalescing from wounds received abroad, I am at a big hospital in the country.

We are required to pay 5d. single fare to get into the town nearest to our hospital.

Workmen employed on the same site at 2s. an hour pay 4d. return.

The corporation responsible for these charges on its omnibuses considers itself both a patriotic and high-minded Authority.—W. R. O. (Home Address, Brunswick Road, Buckley, Chester).

LET'S protest against the heavy sentences on A.R.P. men for looting.

If a sailor salvages or captures a ship, he gets prize money.

These A.R.P. men are on active service, and should be treated as such.

I know they shouldn't steal small articles of value they find in the course of their work, but I do think they would carry out their dangerous duties with greater honesty and more gusto if the insurance companies were made to pay them a small percentage on all goods they retrieve.—Redvers FitzHenry, Harley Street, W.1.

Reader FitzHenry likes to think well of his fellow-men, but even that can be dangerous. A man who steals the little treasures of a bombed-out family is ten times worse than a thief. Nor would we think much of a man who only helped such a family with some idea of reward. But the sailor who captures a ship bestows a blessing on his own country and administers a sharp kick in the pants to the enemy. He deserves some reward.

FINE sort of egg-price control, isn't it, when duck eggs were offered for sale in Leeds Market at 1s. 4½d. for three, or 5s. 6d. per dozen?—Mrs. E. M. Ketch, Daisy Hill, Morley, Yorks.

Many suppliers are charging just what they like for eggs and laughing at the authorities. Also, we hear of this wangle: Eggs are offered at high prices as fertile eggs for hatching purposes. Both parties know quite well they are destined for the frying-pan.

THE well-to-do can eat their way through this war just as luxuriously as the last. Lord Woolton, by his refusal to ration eggs, weighted the scales once more in their favour.

Egg dishes are still on restaurant menus, and when the rich want eggs for home they just get in the car and make a round of the farms.

Meanwhile, the poor housewife thinks herself lucky with one egg per person per week—and that at a high price she cannot reasonably afford to pay.—A Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

DOES a bombed church lose its status of consecration when it has been reduced to ruins as a result of bombardment?

In recent pictures of visitors inspecting the damaged interior of one bombed cathedral, members of the party are seen wearing their headgear.

I do not suggest these people are guilty of any intentional disrespect for the rites of the church, but such a thing may give offence to others.—George S. Ford, 137, Penrhos Avenue, Llandudno Junction.

I WONDER if all grocery shop managers registered to serve merchant seamen are alike? On Wednesday at 11.30 a.m., I went into a shop for my husband's stores, as the ship was sailing at 1 p.m. I had both the ration book and the money, but the firm was very reluctant to supply the goods.

The reason was, that the food office did not supply the extra rations for seamen straight away, consequently running them short. There was a good amount of bacon in the shop, but they would only give me half of the amount I required. I was told I must go elsewhere for the rest. No milk either.

I hurried to two other shops, also registered to serve seamen, but they were very sorry—so was I—that their bacon ration would not be delivered until next day.

Seamen must, and do, "Go To It," and can't run to shops every day. Their rations should be assured.—Mrs. W. Shepherd, 11, Norley Avenue, Newcastle Road, Sunderland.

WEEK after week my two evacuees—five and seven—bring me notes from the school to be sent to the parents in London. But stamps are 2½d.! I am not rich out of these youngsters, nor do I wish to be, but surely the authorities should bear the cost themselves of such communications and not place the extra burden on foster-parents?—(Mrs.) M. Thorne, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Greek infantry and SUPPERS made a daring night sortie."

DAILY MAIL:—"It is to-day the decisive FACTORY in his fate."

THE WEEKLY SCOTSMAN, EDINBURGH:—"The bride chose a suit of bronze velvet with peach chiffon blouse, and a small hat of matching velvet with a touch of PEACE and a floating veil."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"As the wind blew clouds of dust across the CHARMED ruins. . . ."

THE REDDITCH INDICATOR:—"The duties of PEST man were carried out by Mr. W. B——."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"The two interviewing OFFERS obtained highly satisfactory personal references."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER:—"H—— was fined a total of £2 10s. for driving a WAR without two front lights."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"They were intercepted by our fighters, and although a few reached the brink of London, they failed to penetrate FATHER."

The Last Laugh

B. K. (Llandudno).—"Everybody says my baby boy is the living image of me." Still, as long as he is healthy there is no need to worry

Miss S. (Newquay).—"I sent my soldier friend some playing-cards for Christmas." But do you think he will appreciate having another full pack to carry?

Mrs. K. (Neath).—"My husband has been playing the very devil of late." See letter below.

Mr. K. (Neath).—"I am busy rehearsing the part of Mephistopheles in an amateur production of 'Faust.'" See letter above.

G. N. (Hackney).—"A London Underground station has many exits besides the main one." So has a toothpaste tube.

F. G. (Colne).—"Even film stars will have to cut down on their luxuries if this war lasts several years." Do you mean they will have to make one husband last as long as three in normal times?

D. L. (Gillingham).—"Don't you find electric light is apt to be very expensive these days?" Yes, if we happen to forget to put up the black-out.

Pilot (R.A.F.).—"The aerodrome from which I operate is ideal for landing on, but what will it be like when it is covered with snow?" White.

N. M. (Chingford).—"How can I prevent water freezing in a fire bucket?" By emptying it.

D. N. (Horsham).—"When I spoke to her at a dance she looked so thoughtful that I felt sure she had something hanging over her head." Perhaps it was mistletoe which you had failed to notice

G. M. (Hitchin).—"The British soldier is seldom called 'Tommy Atkins' nowadays." Well, not by his sergeant-major, anyway.

Spinster (Leeds).—"I want no man to look up to me." But you wouldn't have any objection to one looking after you?

G. T. (Thornaby).—"I have just become engaged and my fiancée tells me I must call and inform her father just before he goes to bed. Why at that time?" Probably because she thinks it is certain that you'll find him with his boots off.

S. L. (Cudworth).—"When my husband handed me a ten-shilling note for Christmas instead of buying me something, what do you think he said?" "That is all for the present"?

S. M. (Droitwich Spa).—"When the doctor forbade me to drink whisky or smoke cigars, you can imagine how I felt." Better in the mornings?

L. D. (Paddock Wood).—"I intend taking steps to see that my son behaves himself until he is old enough to know the proper thing to do on every occasion." You are going to bring him up in the way you should have gone?

Mrs. P. (Three Bridges).—"My husband is clean-shaven and I have told him that I should not like to kiss a man with a beard." Is he going to grow one?

Mrs. L. (Fulbourne).—"What do you think my husband did when I told him to go?" Went.

S. G. (Penzance).—"I have worked very hard indeed to get a Government job and now I'm taking a well-earned rest." You got the job?

J. D. S. (Filey).—"I'm sorry to say that my husband is kinder to dumb animals than he is to me." Well, try being dumb for a change.

A. D. (Chingford).—"I want land reform, housing reform, educational reform, prisons reform and electoral reform." And chloroform as well.

D L. (Hunstanton).—"If I stop in the Army much longer I shall forget how to use an armchair." Unless, of course, you get a staff job one day.

P. R. (Angmering).—"Just think of it—little silkworms can supply dresses for our womenfolk." But other worms have to pay for them.

L. B. (Wandsworth).—"Can you imagine what my young son said when I asked him how he makes sure that his face is clean?" That he looks at the towel?

W. F. (East Grinstead).—"You can tell a lot about a man by the way he walks upstairs." For instance, if he doesn't take off his shoes, he's probably a bachelor.

J. R. (Harrow).—"I would rather sit with my wife than eat any day." Does she cook as badly as that?

C. K. (Windermere).—"I hope that the enclosed rabbit's foot brings good luck to you." It certainly didn't bring any to the rabbit

N. T. (Lewisham).—"I put £100 in the stock market and got £1,000." And we put a penny in a weighing machine and got a fortune.

(Side-Slips : *See page 17*)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather
"Blimey! Good job I was downstairs when that came down!"

Coughing through the long night hours is the most deadly wearying trouble. It is also a symptom of a serious threat to chest and lungs. This winter, of all times, you cannot afford to take chances. With the possibility of sudden exposure to cold damp night air your danger will increase many times over. Take a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE and don't waste any precious hours of sleep. VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE acts *like Lightning*. Soothes the chest, strengthens the lungs, stops the cough and ***arrests the development of dangerous germs.***

For night workers and those who must go out in the early morning air, VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the finest safeguard.

1 5 & 3/5 per bottle. (*Incl. Purchase Tax*)

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

TO AVOID
Flatulence
& PAIN AFTER MEALS

The reason why you get that burning pain and distressing wind after meals is because your stomach is always too acid. It sours everything you eat. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt.

Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing. No heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Philips' preparation of Magnesia.

If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

SLIP A BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

BAD LEGS
YIELD TO HEALO TREATMENT

Innumerable sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin Irritation and other Skin Disorders having obtained immediate relief and eventually been cured by using HEALO Ointment have gratefully sent us Testimonials. Here is a typical one from Ware, Herts: "*I am pleased to inform you that the Healo you sent has done my ulcerated leg more good than all other kinds I have tried, and gave me immediate relief.*"

F . . . C . . .

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

BULLETS CASH PRIZES

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,250
J. ATKINSON, 2, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Example: SPECTRE OF FAMINE
Bullet: TO HITLER, SURLY SELF-BASKET!

£20 Second Prize: W. Whitley, 44, High St., Kenilworth (P.C.).
Example: Glad To Give
Bullet: Britain Lose—And Loses!

£10 Third Prize: W. J. Adams, 107, Coventry Road, Nuneaton.
Example: Present For Parson
Bullet: Britain, Despite Night's "Wounds"

100s.: A. M. Colegrave, 35, A'Beckett Gardens, Worthing.
Sinkers—Being Bit Of "Sit."

90s.: T. Sweeting, "Pentwyn," Wickstead Avenue, Leagrave, Luton.
Present For Dad—Bitter Bush Thought? *Afterthought!*

80s.: A. Scott, 15, Balmoral Place, Galashiels.
This Winter—Let's Have "Central *Eating*"!

70s.: G. Stephenson, "Glenmore," Manor Rd., Beverley, Yks.
Spectre Of Famine—Becoming Bigger—Become Bigger!

60s.: W. Holland, 2, Love Lane, Pinner (P.C.).
When Grandpa's Describing—Victories, Ever Scabbed "Boulon"!

50s.: F. J. Roberts, 33, Maud St., New Basford, Nottingham
The Last Straw—Mrs. Simpson's "General" Resigned!

40s.: J. Jackson, 64, Wood Lane, Kingsbury, London (P.C.).
Peace And War—Pasts And Ultimatums—Marriage!

30s.: Mrs. R. Aldridge, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
When Grandpa's Fibbing—Ribs Camouflaged With Whiskers.

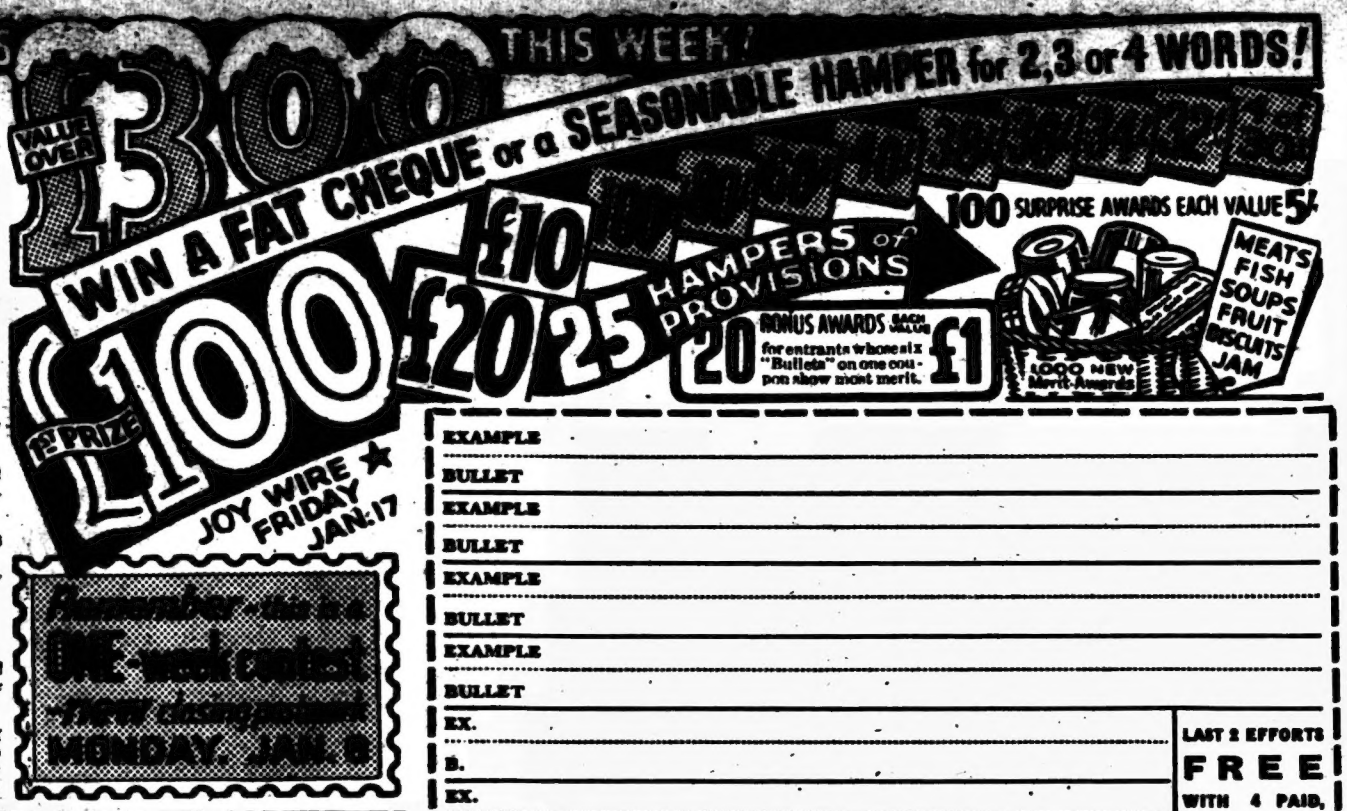
30s.: J. A. Dallen, 15, Hanover Buildings, Binney Street, London, W.
Roosevelt—Understands Hitler—Knew Capone!

30s.: Miss M. Forshaw, 23, Stoneleigh Road, Birmingham.
Our Watchdog—"Wags" His *Cigar* Cheerfully.

30s.: G. E. Ray, 10, Priory Road, Hampton, Middx.
Our Watchdog—Retriever—Fetched Unexploded Bomb!

30s.: Mrs. M. Simpson, 13 St. Nicholas Avenue, Hessle High Road, Hull.
Losing Faith—In Blitz, This Frits.

List of 30 winners of Christmas Turkeys and 60 winners of Christmas Fowls can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize Coupon.


VALUE OVER £300 THIS WEEK!
WIN A FAT CHEQUE or a SEASONABLE HAMPER for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!
1ST PRIZE £100
£10
£20
25 HAMPERS OF PROVISIONS
100 SURPRISE AWARDS EACH VALUE 5/-
20 BONUS AWARDS EACH VALUE £1
for entrants whose six "Bullets" on one coupon show most merit.
1,000 NEW Merit Awards
MEATS FISH SOUPS FRUIT BISCUITS JAM
JOY WIRE ★ FRIDAY JAN. 17
Remember this is a ONE-week contest
MONDAY, JAN. 6

THIS WAY TO SUCCESS — USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*.

Then see how you can polish and add zip or humour to those words. You will thoroughly enjoy trying to make your own efforts sparkle like the prize-winning *Bullets* quoted above, and a Fat Cheque or a seasonable *Bullets* Hamper will be your reward if you succeed!

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rule of entry-fee.

BABY 1941
BETTER WORLD
WHEN BRITAIN ATTACKS
TRUE TO TRADITION
THE UNEMPLOYED
BRAVE PEOPLE
UNCHANGED
WITHOUT A PENNY
CRYING FOR THE MOON
IT'S A STRUGGLE, BUT
FOOLISH MOVE
TAKES THE BISCUIT
PICTURE OF MISERY
IN NO HURRY
AUNTIE'S PATRIOTIC, SO
QUIETLY
HOMEWARD BOUND
OLD IRELAND
THANKS TO THE NAVY
WHEN HITLER MEETS MUSSO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

In Sonny's .... Reminds Me Of.. Makes .. Angry | Why .. Disapproved ..... Victory ..... For Mother

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed.....

P.O. Value.... No.....

Address .....

1,254 NEW Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 6.

Any 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bulletin" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 3,500 Word Outfit for success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

STAMPS for ENTRY FEE — stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS IN CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 2d FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 *Bullets* Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,254, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ATLANTIC OFFENSIVE BEGINS
AN intensified drive against the U-boat and bomber menace to British shipping in the Atlantic has begun.

CAN YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES?

YOU can recall the recent reports of the Government's intention to extend the duties of the Fleet Air Arm for the purpose of fighting the Nazi submarine menace to our shipping. *Do you know what is behind that step? Were you able to read between the lines?* You did, if you read "News Review" a few days later! "News Review" is the news magazine of informed people. It cuts through to the core of every happening of vital national and world importance and gives you the FACTS. "News Review" reveals the full significance of many news-stories you might overlook or consider of no importance, or a story you are unable to fathom. To track down rumour and to interpret truly, accurately and reliably the "on the surface" news is "News Review's" job. World-wide cabling, conferences, research, expert analysing, writing and re-writing lie behind every paragraph appearing in this famous journal that is read by people who don't want theories and wishful thinking and can judge things for themselves when they are given the TRUTH. Be sure to read "News Review," every Thursday—sixpence. Should your copy be delayed for this week your newsagent will reserve it for you.

NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY

How does she keep so SLIM & Attractive

YOU, too, can have that fashionable slim figure which everyone admires. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health if you 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans can be taken regularly with perfect safety. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue. Thus Bile Beans improve health and vitality and bring slim, youthful lines.

So don't just envy others! Start now on the sure way to health and slenderness.

"I am delighted to tell you that I have become quite slim after taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks. Another result is wonderfully improved health. I'm brighter and more energetic than I have been for years."—Mrs. K.E.B., Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

"Bile Beans suit me wonderfully well and have made me decidedly slimmer. I don't have to deny myself any particular foods, for a couple of Bile Beans nightly keep my figure slender and youthful."—Mrs. M.M.H., London, W.10.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

War-Time Duties Won't

MAKE YOUR FEET ACHE

IF YOU RUB THEM WITH ZAM-BUK

THESE are strenuous times for the feet. In the armed forces, with the A.R.P., on munitions and other National Services, millions of men and women are on their feet for longer hours than ever before.

But your feet won't ache or let you down if you make a habit of treating them regularly with Zam-Buk herbal ointment.

The refined medicinal oils from which Zam-Buk is prepared are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Zam-Buk causes aching, soreness, and swelling to vanish like magic, it heals chilblains and blisters, and brings corns out, root and all. (Before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water, if at all possible.)

Keep Zam-Buk handy too, for the quick, clean healing of Cuts, Bruises, Scalds and other Injuries. Also a proved remedy for Eczema, Psoriasis, Pimples, Rashes, Impetigo, Chapped Hands, Cold Sores, Rheumatism, Poisoned Wounds, Bad Legs, Scalp Troubles, etc. Get a box of Zam-Buk from your chemist to-day!

7d., 1/3 and 3/3 (Including Purchase Tax)

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

FOR these danger months always rely on Peps. When you go out into chilly night air, rain or fog, don't forget to slip a Peps tablet into your mouth.

As a Peps dissolves in the mouth, soothing, warming and antiseptic fumes bathe the throat, chest and lungs, keeping you free from coughs, colds, and bronchitis.

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